HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXVIII.—No. 1443.
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1884.
TEN CENTS A COPY.
$4.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

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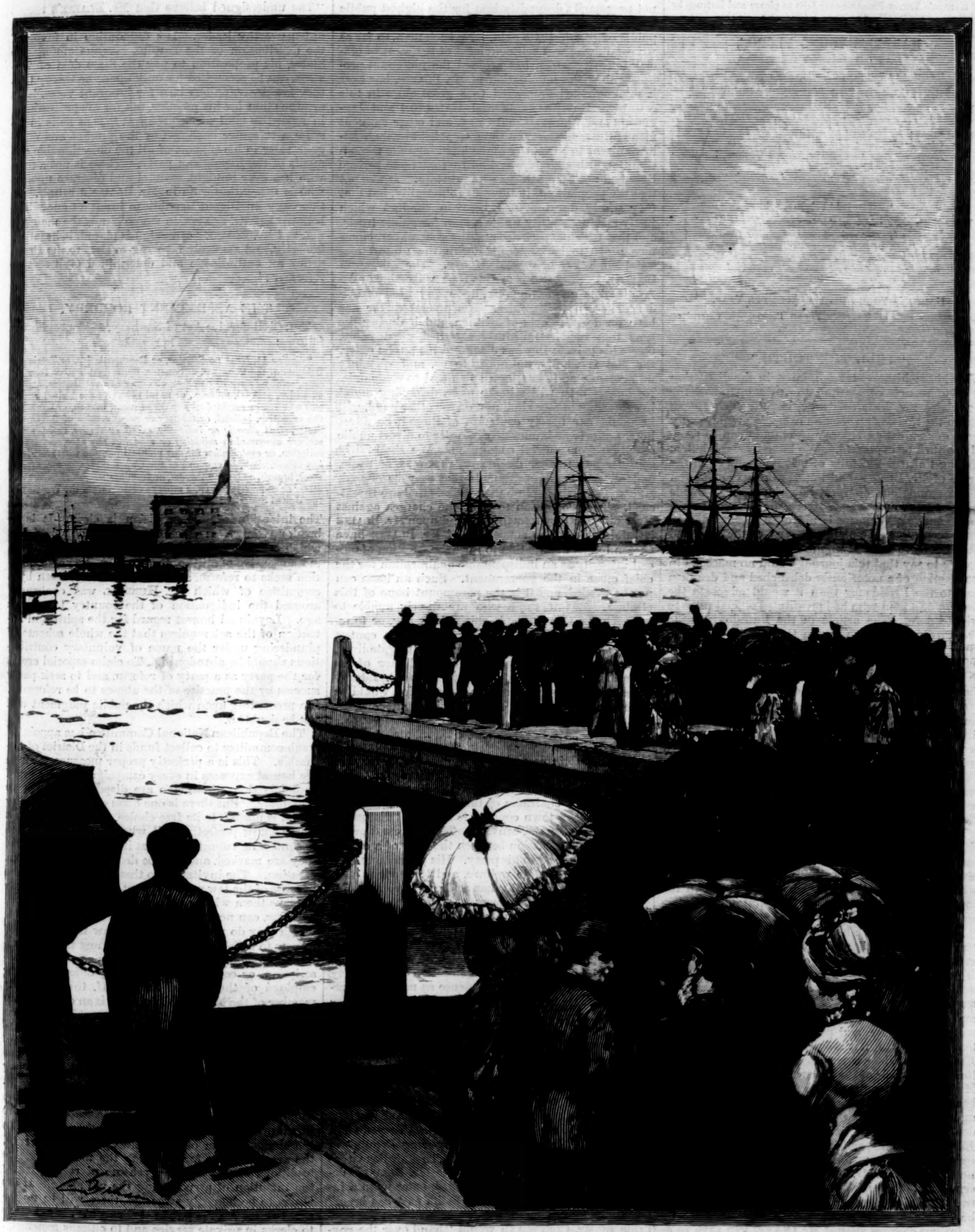

HONORS TO THE ARCTIC DEAD—THE GREELY RELIEF SHIPS PASSING GOVERNOR'S ISLAND.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 529.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, August 16, 1884.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO READERS OF HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Harper's Magazine, Harper's Weekly, *and* Harper's Bazar *may be had for the years* 1881, 1882, *and* 1883. *Those wishing to complete their files will please send in their orders promptly. It is* Messrs. Harper & Brothers' *intention in future to keep the back numbers of these periodicals for three years only.*

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"THE 'LUCK' OF THE SCHOONER 'DOLLY,'"

by Frank H. Converse, *with a front-page illustration by* Rudolph Bunner. *This is followed by "Mr. Thompson and the Rabbits," by* Allan Forman; *"The Story of a Ring," Part IV., by* Lucy C. Lillie; *Chapter XV. of "Left Behind"; "How to Make and Sling a Hammock," by* Lieutenant Worth G. Ross, U.S.R.M.; *and other interesting stories and articles.*

Among the many attractions of this number special attention may be called to the true story of

"TWO BRAVE BOYS,"

by Eliot McCormick, *which relates how young Messrs. Frank and William Hardina recently rescued two young girls from drowning in the Bronx River, near Harlem. The portraits of the young heroes who did the deed precisely as it is related by* Mr. McCormick *are given in the same clothing they wore when they took their brave plunge.*

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"TELL THE TRUTH."

WE have hitherto taken no part in the discussion of reports concerning the private life of the candidates for the Presidency, because such stories told in the midst of an election campaign require very careful examination before any opinion can be properly formed or expressed. We have received letters offering to furnish details of private scandals in the career of Mr. Blaine, and letters asking our opinion of the scandalous charges which have been made against Mr. Cleveland. It is not necessary to say that Harper's Weekly is not open to such discussion except upon the plain necessity of the case, and after the most diligent inquiry. It is equally unnecessary to say that this journal would no more aid in the election of a notoriously debauched and drunken man to the Presidency than it would advocate the election of a man who had prostituted official place to private gain. The article in the Buffalo *Evening Telegraph*, whatever may be the character of that paper or the motive of the publication, has undoubtedly produced a profound impression. We should be sorry if it had not done so, because the question of the relation between private morality and public position is one of the highest importance, upon which the conscience of this country has been always very sensitive, and it would be a lamentable sign of national decay if that sensibility should be weakened. The article, however, is apparently a maliciously ingenious distortion, misrepresentation, and falsification of the real facts, which as we have ascertained them to the best of our ability are substantially as recited in the *Evening Post* of August 5.

Mr. Cleveland has met the charges in the most characteristic manner—a manner which may be well contrasted with that of Mr. Blaine in regard to the Mulligan letters. Promptly and unhesitatingly, with a manliness that every honorable man in the country will appreciate, when the calumnious article appeared, Mr. Cleveland said to his friends at once, "Tell the truth." There was no whining about his "private business," no seizing of letters, and after a menacing pressure of public opinion, a theatrical reading of such parts as he chose, and with his own comments; there was no desperate equivocation and attempted concealment. "Tell the truth" was the only reply—a reply which showed a man honorably unwilling to receive any public trust under false pretenses. The truth, it is evident, if the version of the *Evening Post* be correct, as we believe, is totally belied in the article of the *Telegraph*. The truth leaves Mr. Cleveland entirely free from any just charge of base conduct in the past, or of habitual debauchery and drunkenness "to this hour," of which no evidence known to us has been offered. The Buffalo *Express*, an independent Republican journal which supports Mr. Blaine for the Presidency, but which earnestly supported Mr. Cleveland for Mayor and Governor, and whose editor is in a better position to know the truth than any clergyman or other person who has made himself prominent in disseminating the injurious charges against Mr. Cleveland, says, in reply to inquiries, "What we can say, based upon our information and judgment, is this, we do not believe that the charges are in any just sense of the word true." This is not only the conclusion of the editor of the *Express*, but of other most respectable citizens of Buffalo known to us, and it is our own conclusion after careful inquiry. Undoubtedly every good citizen would prefer a choice between two candidates absolutely irreproachable in every respect, and there are many honest persons who will prefer not to vote for a candidate of whom any kind of irregularity at any time can be justly alleged. Such voters, however, if they can not support Mr. Cleveland, who said at once, "Tell the truth," can still less support Mr. Blaine, who said, "Let my private affairs alone," and tried in vain to deceive the country.

In the actual situation the practical alternative seems to us to lie between a candidate whose offense is wholly of the past, and was of a kind which does not necessarily disqualify him for the highest public trusts, and a candidate who deliberately prostituted public office to private gain. No such man, so far as we recall, who was self-convicted of the want of official integrity which has aroused the indignant protest against the nomination of Mr. Blaine, has ever been nominated or elected to a great office in this country. But Franklin and Hamilton and Jefferson and Webster and Clay, and other eminent men still nearer our own time, were held by their fellow-citizens to be worthy of the highest public responsibilities, although it was known that their private lives had not been always without stain. It was not that the people were indifferent to morality, but that they wisely discriminated between conduct which justly and necessarily unfits a man for public trusts, and that which experience and the general consciousness prove to be compatible with the utmost personal honesty and official fidelity. The allegation that Mr. Cleveland is at this time a libertine and a drunkard is unquestionably, upon any kind of evidence known to us, false. His official career has been open to the eyes of all men, and if during the time that he has faithfully executed great public trusts his private life has disgraced his public office, the fact is wholly unknown to us, and certainly no evidence of it has been submitted to the public. No honest man will mistake us as defending moral irregularities of any kind, nor, on the other hand, will he doubt our hearty contempt of those who affect horror at private immorality in order to divert public attention from official corruption. We shall fairly consider any further disclosures that may be made, and all reasonable arguments that may be offered, and we sincerely deplore the reprisals that are threatened. The proposition to repel the charges against Mr. Cleveland by retorting in kind upon Mr. Blaine is intolerable. The supporters of Mr. Blaine have chosen by his nomination to raise the question of official integrity as an indispensable qualification for the chief office in the government. Such an issue can not be evaded, and it is the paramount issue of this election. But if those who are utterly unable to impeach Mr. Cleveland's official integrity, or to establish that of Mr. Blaine, should invite a contest of the comparative decency of their past private lives, the contest must be declined for the honor of the American name. A controversy for the Presidency which should turn upon such a discussion would be the most disgusting and degrading in our history.

THE QUINCY ADDRESS.

THE Republicans and Independents of Quincy, in Massachusetts, who propose to vote against Mr. Blaine have issued an admirable address, and have instructed the chairman of their committee to invite the Republican town committee to a joint discussion of the merits of the canvass. The address draws a clear line of distinction between the duty of a citizen to his country and to his party. His paramount duty is to seek the public welfare, and the address says "that a party rightfully has and can have no claim whatever upon his support except in so far as it tends to promote the public good by a clean, capable, and honest administration of public affairs." The Quincy Republicans say further that the Republican nominations show so wide a departure from the principles which inspired the organization of the party and have maintained its existence as not only to relieve them from obligation to support it, but, so far as those nominations are concerned, to aid in its defeat.

"They do not withdraw from the Republican party," says the address, "and they do not propose to be driven out of it. They do not abandon its principles, nor do they adopt the principles of the Democratic party. They do not relinquish their hope for a useful future of the Republican party under wiser, better, and more honest leadership. They do not withdraw their support from deserving Republican candidates for other offices......They believe that the Republican party will survive Mr. Blaine's defeat, and, reorganized and purified, enter upon a future as useful and honorable as its past has been." These Quincy Republicans do not hold that the election of Mr. Cleveland would "hand over the government" to its enemies, because they do not believe that the Democrats, however they may differ with them, are public enemies, and because they know that the President is not the government, and that Mr. Cleveland as President would honestly, faithfully, and intelligently execute the laws, and veto any attempt to interfere with the laws which aim to purify the public service and to protect the public servants.

The address recites the objections to Mr. Blaine, and adds: "It is to be borne in mind in respect to these personal objections that they are not mere suspicions or accusations, as has been so freely alleged, but they are logical and inevitable conclusions from premises furnished by the correspondence and statements of Mr. Blaine himself. If his own statements are not reliable, he certainly is not a fit person for President; if they are reliable, we have his own certificate of his unfitness." The address says further: "The undersigned believe that Mr. Blaine's recent utterances show him to be an utterly reckless and untrustworthy leader. His declaration in favor of the distribution of the surplus revenue among the States, his proposition to pay the State debt of Virginia, can be accounted for only upon the theory that they are unscrupulous bids for ignorant votes." It arraigns him for his practice, not for his professions, in regard to civil service reform: "That he is in no sense a reformer is shown by the prompt and energetic rally to his support of all the objectionable elements of the Republican party. There is not a man who has ever brought scandal and disgrace upon it who is not enthusiastic in Mr. Blaine's behalf. Is there any intelligent Republican innocent enough to believe that Mr. Elkins, in whose hands the management of Mr. Blaine's campaign is placed, is heartily, honestly, and sincerely laboring to elect to the Presidency an enthusiastic and determined civil service reformer?"

THE ASSESSMENT ROBBERY.

THE Civil Service Act of January, 1883, provides as follows:

> "*Section* 11. That no Senator, or Representative, or Territorial Delegate of the Congress, or Senator, Representative, or Delegate elect, or any officer or employé of either of said Houses, and no executive, judicial, military, or naval officer of the United States, and no clerk or employé of any department, branch, or bureau of the executive, judicial, or military or naval service of the United States, shall *directly or indirectly solicit or receive, or be in any manner concerned in soliciting or receiving*, any assessment, subscription, or *contribution* for any political purpose whatever, from any officer, clerk, or employé of the United States, or any department, branch, or bureau thereof, or from any person receiving any salary or compensation from moneys derived from the Treasury of the United States."

The intention of this provision is clear. It is to break up the system of robbery of the public employés which is known as political assessments—one of the most offensive of all the abuses which the act in question seeks to reform, and which, as undertaken by a committee of which Mr. Hubbell was chairman, aroused the indignation of the country two years ago. Loyal and honest regard for the spirit and intention of the act requires that the whole scheme of plundering under the name of voluntary contributions should be abandoned. To claim especial credit for the party as a party of reform, and to seek party success by the practice of the abuses to be reformed, is a proceeding upon which the public judgment will not be doubtful.

The Republican National Committee has appointed a sub-committee to collect funds in the District of Columbia. This is a perfectly proper measure. There are honest expenses in every campaign, which should be defrayed by those who are disposed willingly to contribute. But there is one class of the community which is not left to its free choice. The government clerks know perfectly well when they are "invited to contribute voluntarily" that if they decline to give, they are marked, and will be dropped upon the first occasion. The invitation to them is a threat, and the purpose of the law was to protect them against it, and to leave them wholly free like other citizens. This, however, can not be done except by honest treatment, which they do not receive. The law forbids certain officers to solicit or receive, or be in any manner concerned in soliciting or receiving, any assessment, subscription, or contribution from any officer, clerk, or employé of the United States. If, therefore, any member of the National Committee is an officer whom the law forbids to solicit, he is amenable to the law for soliciting a contribution if the sub-committee sends a soliciting circular to any employé of the government.

Undoubtedly the robbery of clerks under plea of invitations to contribute will not be undertaken without legal advice. It may be that no member of the committee or of the sub-committee falls under the literal prohibition of the law. But the summons to the clerks by men of the highest political influence, the arrangements for receiving the money, and the traditions of this familiar scheme of robbery show the intention of perpetuating the old abuse. If the law is to be honestly respected, there will be no appeal to clerks in the public service which is not made to clerks in private service and to citizens generally. No member of the committee who sincerely desires a reform of the abuses of patronage will under such circumstances directly or indirectly solicit a contribution from a clerk. But should any member of the committee or of the soliciting sub-committee prove to be within the prohibited class, we trust that the law will be tested, and that any such offender will be brought to justice. The penalty is a fine not exceeding $5000, or imprisonment for not more than three years, or both, at the discretion of the court. The Reform Associations are watching closely this endeavor to outwit the law, and their aid in enforcing it will not be wanting.

THE REPUBLICAN PROTEST.

Mr. Roger Wolcott, one of the most highly esteemed Republicans in Massachusetts, and eminent in all wise charitable movements in that State, has declared his inability to vote for Mr. Blaine. Mr. Ripley Ropes, a distinguished Republican citizen of Brooklyn, New York, and the Honorable W. J. Bacon, a Republican octogenarian of Utica, and former member of Congress, are among the later bolters. The National Committee of Republicans and Independents are constantly receiving letters from Republicans of the highest character who are not politicians, and who decline to support the nominations. The number who do not care to take any public position upon the subject is, of course, much larger than that of those who declare their opposition. The ratio is undoubtedly not less than two to one. The 5000 or more names already enrolled in Massachusetts alone by the Independent committee, therefore, show a very serious defection, and it is not a defection which lessens with a clearer understanding of the real issues of the campaign.

Judge F. O. Mason, long Judge of Ontario County, in New York, and law partner of Secretary Folger, who was a delegate to the Garfield Convention in 1880, a man of high character and sound learning, writes to the Geneva *Gazette*, New York:

> "I think that in this instance the Democratic party has not made a mistake. It seems to have correctly apprehended the real demand of the people, which is for administrative reform, and to have met that demand by the character of its candidates. Cleveland has not yet had a long career, but it has been long enough to show that he possesses honesty and courage; that he regards office as a public trust for the benefit of the people, and not merely for a party; that he is sincere in his desire to reform the civil service and remove it from partisan control, and is in favor of honest government economically administered. As to Blaine, he is a man who, as Speaker of the House of Representatives, volunteered to make a ruling upon a motion affecting a land grant in the interest of parties to be benefited by the grant, and who immediately afterward importuned the parties benefited for pecuniary compensation for his official action, and took it. He adopted for himself a standard of morals in official life so demoralizing and degrading as not only to render him unfit for the Presidential office, but for any office of public trust whatever. He represents all that is lowest in tone, most reprehensible in methods, and most reckless in spirit in the Republican party. Apart from his moral unfitness, he lacks the poise of character, the just balance of high talents, essential to a wise and judicious Executive. He has shown no sympathy with civil service reform or any other reform, and his chief public utterances upon current topics since his retirement to private life consist of a justification for repudiators in Virginia, and of a proposition for the distribution of the surplus moneys in the Treasury—the most mischievous and demoralizing in character ever offered for public consideration. To select such a candidate to bear the standard of reform is to assail reform with burlesque."

A BOOMERANG.

Mrs. Stanton and Miss Anthony attribute to personal hatred the opposition of Rev. James Freeman Clarke, Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson, and other advocates of equal suffrage to the election of Mr. Blaine. But these excellent ladies strike unwarily at their own cause. If such men are actuated in so important a matter by so base a feeling, for what contemptible reason do they advocate woman suffrage?

A COLORED WEIGHER.

A colored weigher has just made his appearance upon the wharves of Philadelphia, where he is viewed with surprise by the general public, and with apprehension and alarm, as is reported, by his Caucasian colleagues. There are two noteworthy facts about this appointment. One is that the new weigher won his place after a competitive examination, in which he passed third, with an average of eighty-five per cent.; and another is that he is a full-blooded African, so that the hypothesis by which believers in the ineradicable intellectual inferiority of the negro have striven to account for the ability of persons of mixed race can not here be applied.

The appointment is not only highly creditable to the appointee, Mr. Tucker, but it is full of encouragement both to believers in democracy and to believers in civil service reform. It is an indication of that equality which Senator Bayard well described as "the equality of opportunity," which lies at the base of our political and social system. A white weigher or other functionary who resents the appointment of a black man to a place which he has fairly won is not a good American, because he is not a good man.

LOWERING RECORDS.

Within the week the trotting record for one mile has been lowered by one half second, by two stages of a quarter second each, and the record of steam-ship passages from New York to Queenstown by nearly two hours, the *Oregon* beating by that space the passage of the *America*.

There is a difference between one half second and two hours, but there is not so much difference in the proportion of the time by which the record has been beaten to the length of the course. The *Oregon's* passage is about one-eightieth faster than the best previous passage, while the last performance of Maud S. is only one-two-hundred-and-sixtieth better than her own previous best, or half that proportion better than the record of Jay-Eye-See, which was set her to beat.

These are very small notches by which the pegs marking best performances are raised But they amount to something considerable in the course of a generation. A quarter of a second is not of much practical moment even to a man who is in a hurry to arrive by buggy, nor two hours to the most impatient voyager. Nevertheless, it is by such slight advances that the speed of horses and steam-ships has been increased since the day when Flora Temple astonished people by beating 2.20, and when eight days was the unattained ambition of captains of fast steamers.

It is to be noted that both these achievements are in the direction of practical utility. Unlike the thorough-bred, the trotter is a most practical and useful beast, and the swiftness of ocean voyages is a matter that intimately concerns all mankind. Both, too, are triumphs of art, for the modern trotter is an artificial creation almost as much as the modern steamer. It is by judicious efforts in breeding, training, and handling trotters that they have been developed to the point where a mile can be trotted very nearly as fast as a century ago it could be run.

BACK FROM THE FROZEN SEAS.

The welcome of their countrymen has already saluted the heroic survivors of Greely's expedition. We hold it to be an auspicious thing that the question *cui bono?* which was so commonly put when the fate of the explorers yet lay in doubt, is asked no longer, now that that fate is determined. There is not only a feeling that just now the question would be inopportune and ungracious, though that feeling doubtless has its part; there is also the feeling, which the story of the expedition is well fitted to arouse, that there is utility for all mankind in every exhibition of human heroism, and in the record of the steadfastness and courage shown "in watchings often," in cold and hunger through the long solitude of the arctic night, as the record of one of the noblest of such exhibitions. "Spirits are not finely touched but to fine issues," and as the value to mankind of a bloody battle may outweigh in example even its frightful cost in suffering, even so the cruel deaths of the victims of this expedition, and the cruel hardships its survivors have come through, may, when need comes, inspire volunteers to some signal service of humanity.

It is most fortunate for this purpose that in the latest story of arctic exploration there are no episodes of human weakness and cowardice to break the force of its showing of human strength and courage. Many gallant men, barely escaped from like trials of their manhood, have caused their fellows almost to blush for those whom they were yet forced to admire. Pitiable squabbles, mutinies, dissensions, scandals, have come to light as if to show us that man at his best is but a poor creature. We ought all to be thankful that no such pettinesses have come to light to belittle the heroism of the latest arctic explorer, and that there is nothing to indicate that any such have been concealed to be brought to light hereafter.

THE BARTHOLDI PEDESTAL.

The ceremonies at the formal laying of the corner-stone for the pedestal of the Bartholdi monument derived their chief significance from the addresses of the French consul, M. Lefaivre, on the part of France, and of Mr. William Allen Butler, on behalf of the association which has been formed to erect the pedestal. The century of friendship between France and the United States has never been interrupted, nor even seriously threatened, except very soon after its formation, when an indiscreet representative of France would have made trouble but for the firmness, dignity, and good sense of Washington. An ingenious writer has recently attempted to prove the error of the common belief that the Declaration of Independence owed either its substance or its form to the French writers of the eighteenth century, ascribing both to the English political philosophers of the seventeenth. But the attempt is not convincing to those who reflect how unlike are the bold generalizations of the French and the cautious and lawyer-like deductions of the contemporary English publicists, and who note how completely the French method is followed in the Declaration. The flurry created by Citizen Genet would have been impossible but for the attachment of Jefferson and his followers to French political ideas, as well as for the gratitude of the new nation to the timely assistance of the French arms. During Washington's first administration, indeed, the country was divided into French and anti-French parties, who were mutually stigmatized as French infidels and British monarchists.

We are not perhaps more sympathetic with French ways of thought than are the English, but distance has removed from us the facilities for misunderstanding the French which the English so abundantly enjoy, and the three several efforts to establish a republic in France, including the latest and most auspicious, though really having little in common with our own political ideas, could scarcely fail to strengthen a feeling of good-will which had its origin in the boyish espousal of our cause by Lafayette, and the succor brought to our arms by Rochambeau and De Grasse. There could not be a more fitting symbol of this feeling than that which has been devised by M. Bartholdi. It will be extremely discreditable to New York, now that the part of France is fully done, if our preparations for receiving and exhibiting the gift of France are not made as fast as they are needed.

PERSONAL.

One of the most pathetic records of modern times is that which describes the meeting of Lieutenant Greely with his wife, after a three years' separation and unspeakable suffering. The event occurred on board the *Thetis*, off Portsmouth, New Hampshire. A peculiar signal, relates an eye-witness, was given on a boatswain's whistle to indicate that Mrs. Greely was ready to meet her husband. She trembled in every limb, her breath came in gasps, and her whole frame shook with emotion. With trembling steps she went to the cabin door, and just at the instant she entered, Commander Schley left the room. Lieutenant Greely was sitting with his back to the door; but when Commander Schley so abruptly left him he turned, and at the same instant saw his wife enter. With a loud cry, that was more like a gigantic sob half smothered, Lieutenant Greely bounded from his chair with eyes gleaming with joy at the sight that gladdened them. Mrs. Greely, tall, dark, and stately, sprang forward to meet her husband. The door was closed upon them. After they had been alone for twenty minutes, her brothers were called in, and cordially greeted their brother-in-law. It was noticeable on board the *Thetis* that everybody shed tears when Mrs. Greely entered the cabin where her husband was. Late in the afternoon the mother of Lieutenant Greely came from Newburyport, and was taken at once on board the *Thetis*. When she arrived there, Mr. and Mrs. Greely were seated in Commander Schley's cabin, alternately crying and laughing and embracing. An instant before, Commander Schley stepped to the door and said, "Lieutenant, your mother is here." Mrs. Greely then entered, and threw her arms around her son's neck, saying only, "My son! my son!" Lieutenant Greely spoke but one word, "Mother!" but in his tone and expression there was a world of tenderness. Clasping her in his arms, the Lieutenant did nothing else but sob, while the mother cried like a child.

—The American colony in London, observes Mr. Lawrence Barrett, is altogether different from the much-talked-of Parisian colony. It is a colony of artists rather than of rich idlers, and yet the social position of these artists seems to be above what any millionaire, as a millionaire, could aspire to. There is a revival in England which places an artist to-day in the same relation to the social plane as was the case in Athens in the days of Pericles. Go to Leighton's, to Tadema's, to Millais's, houses, and you find palaces. Meet them in society, and they lord it over all. And it is into this circle of the elect that Abbey, Boughton, Parsons, Millet, and others have penetrated, and been received with open arms. Abbey, the artist, is the pet of every one. It is marvellous how popular he is. Frank Millet now spends his summers in England regularly, and is a bosom-friend of Alma-Tadema's, and a welcome guest everywhere.

—Senator John Sherman's new house in Mansfield, Ohio, of dark red brick, two stories high, with trimmings of reddish, many-veined sandstone, and a Mansard roof, is one of the handsomest and most commodious private residences in the State. The rooms are large, the porches are roomy, the ceilings are high, and the windows are ample, looking out upon extensive and beautiful views of farm lands and wooded hills, the site being elevated to a degree unusual in that part of the country. Each room has its fire-place for ventilation and for cheery warmth, its electric bells, its well-joined floors, and its perfection of modern improvements. A better place for entertaining many guests, in summer or in winter, need not be wished for. The halls are so wide that a wagon-load of hay from the Senator's farm might easily be driven through them.

—It now appears that early in his literary career Charles Dickens used his prolific pen in writing advertisements for tradesmen. One of his productions, recently unearthed, was for a manufacturer of blacking, as follows:

"I pitied the dove, for my bosom was tender,
I pitied the sigh that she gave to the wind;
But I ne'er shall forget the superlative splendor
Of Warren's jet blacking, the pride of mankind."

—"Byron's death [wrote Heine, at the age of twenty-five] has moved me much. He was the only man to whom I felt myself related, and we might certainly in many respects be compared, jest about it as you will. I have read him little the last few years: one prefers intercourse with men whose character differs from one's own. Intercourse with him I always held at my ease, and on terms of perfect equality, as with a fellow-soldier."

—At the recent session of the Concord School of Philosophy, Mr. John Fiske stated anew his conception of the Darwinian theory, and maintained that it was entirely compatible with a belief in personal, self-conscious immortality. Some of his hearers objected to such a view of Darwinism. "If we are descended from apes," said one of them, "we are no more immortal than they." To which Mr. Fiske replied: "But how do you know that apes are not immortal? Immortality is not, I admit, a logical deduction, but it is a fundamental conviction of my soul, and as such I stand by it."

—Said Thoreau: I am inclined to think bathing almost one of the necessaries of life, but it is surprising how indifferent some are to it. One farmer who came to bathe in Walden one Sunday while I lived there told me it was the first bath he had had for fifteen years.

—Mr. Henry Irving, at a banquet given by the Irving Amateur Dramatic Club, gloried in the fact that he had never applied for state aid in running his theatre, as the French and Continental managers do. Theatres subsidized by the state, he exclaimed, are a curse to the profession, and I hope that I may never be driven to such straits as to find it necessary to ask the government to assist me in placing the Lyceum Theatre productions before the public in a manner consistent with my ideas of the fitness of things.

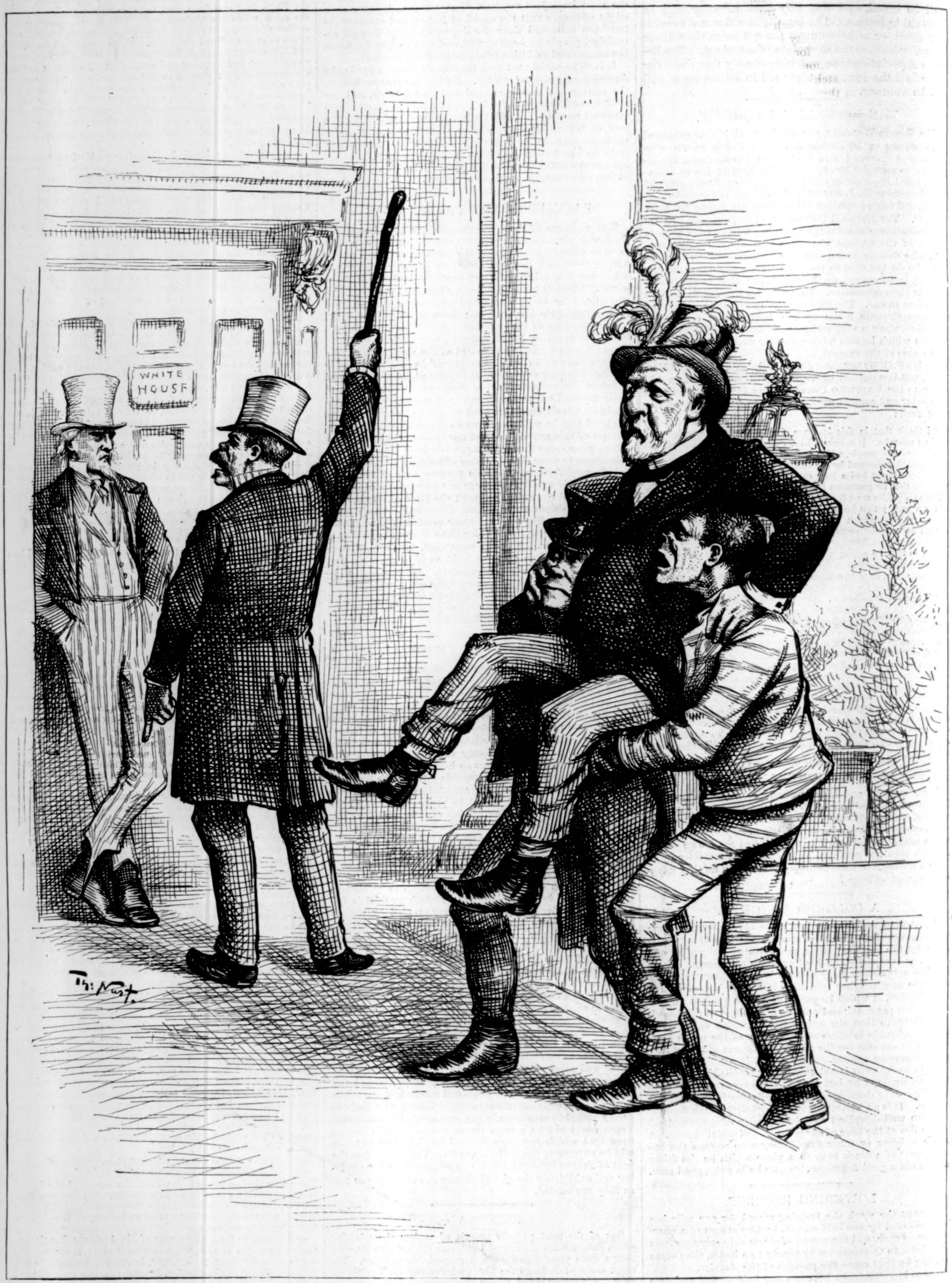
—A lady visitor to Worth's establishment in Paris describes that dress-making celebrity as tall, burly, red-faced, and slouchy-looking, with fishy eyes, and a hot temper for customers who refuse to leave orders after inspecting goods. All of his clerks are compelled to wear the same cut of clothes, and the color and fabric must be of fine material. Worth himself is very careless in attire, hasty in judgment, and decidedly petulant. He affects a passion for flowers, and owns some fifty acres of nursery plants and blossoms.

—Mr. Harry Ford, of Washington, has been recalling the incidents of the assassination of President Lincoln. "On the day of the assassination," he says, "about noon, John Wilkes Booth came down to the theatre, and stopped there to read a letter. I can remember very well seeing him sitting on the steps outside. I told him that President Lincoln and General Grant were coming to the theatre that night. I said that President Lincoln and General Grant would occupy one box, and added, as a joke, to tease him, that Jefferson Davis and General Lee would be in another box. He denounced General Lee very vigorously for having surrendered the sword of Virginia. That evening, after the performance had begun, he came to the theatre, and as he passed the box office looked into the window, and putting his arm through, placed a cigar, which he had partly smoked, on a shelf inside, and said, in a mock-heroic style,

'Whoe'er this cigar dares displace,
Must meet Wilkes Booth face to face.'

These were the last words I ever heard him speak. Later in the evening we heard a pistol-shot in the theatre. We opened a little window, and saw Booth crouching on the stage with a knife in his hand. A few minutes—which seemed an hour—passed before the whole terrible truth was known."

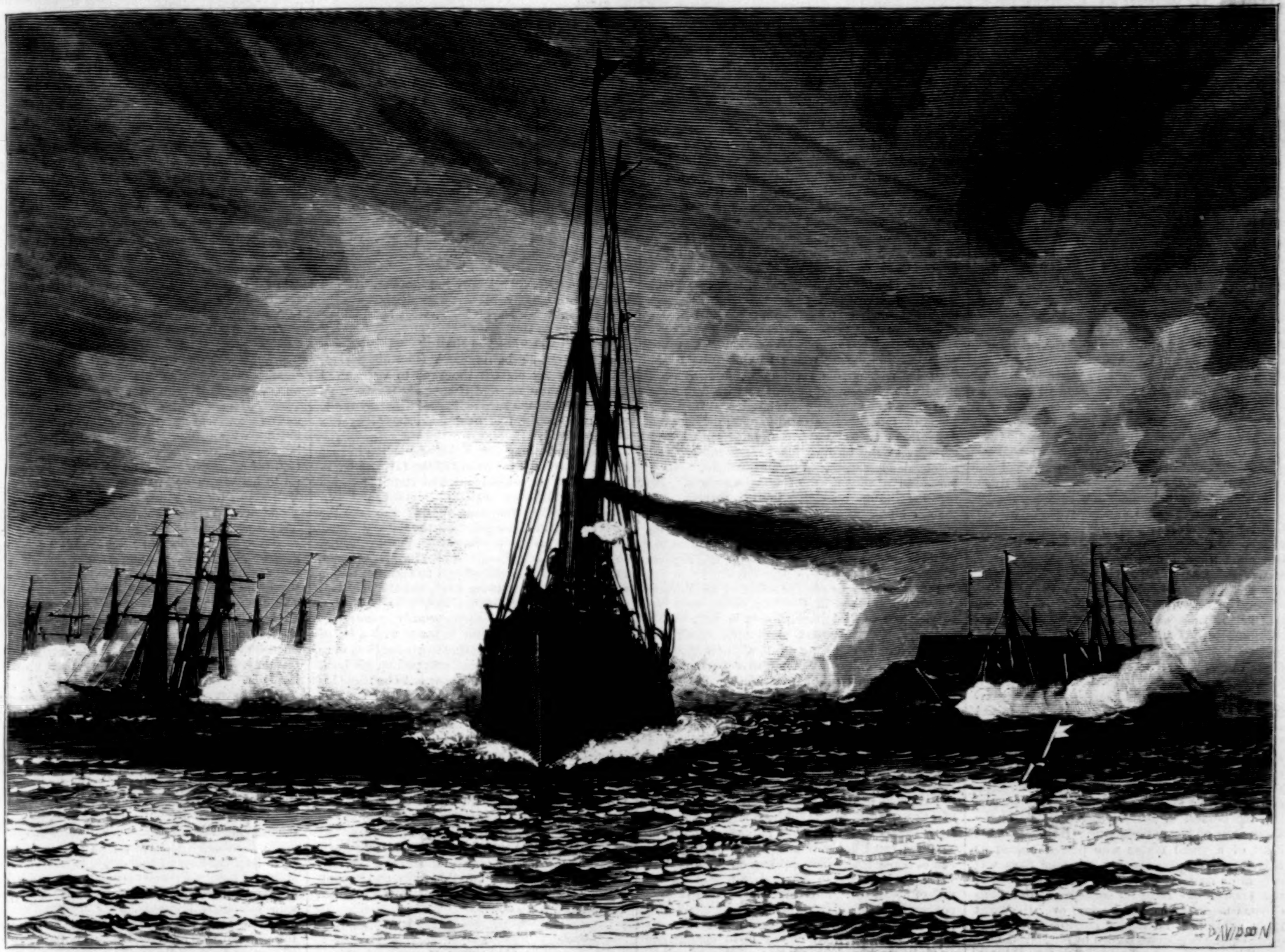
—Referring to the performances of Mr. Augustin Daly's dramatic company in London, Mr. Labouchere says: It was refreshing to sit under these quick, bright, intelligent, sympathetic performers—French in their facility, American in their eccentricity—after the dull, clumsy, wooden-headed dreariness often palmed off on us as a substitute for fun. It would be difficult in England to find a neater light comedian than John Drew, who is the pivot of the performance, a less offensive actor than Charles Leclerq, or a better soubrette than Miss May Fielding. They all strike the palate like wholesome dry champagne in place of thick, muddy, heavy beer. But the best artiste is Ada Rehan. Funny women on the English stage are generally old or middle-aged. To get a young woman who is both pretty and funny is something very new; and not to laugh at Miss Rehan's assumption of a seemingly modest and timid girl who knows her way about, is to be ignorant of what true fun is.



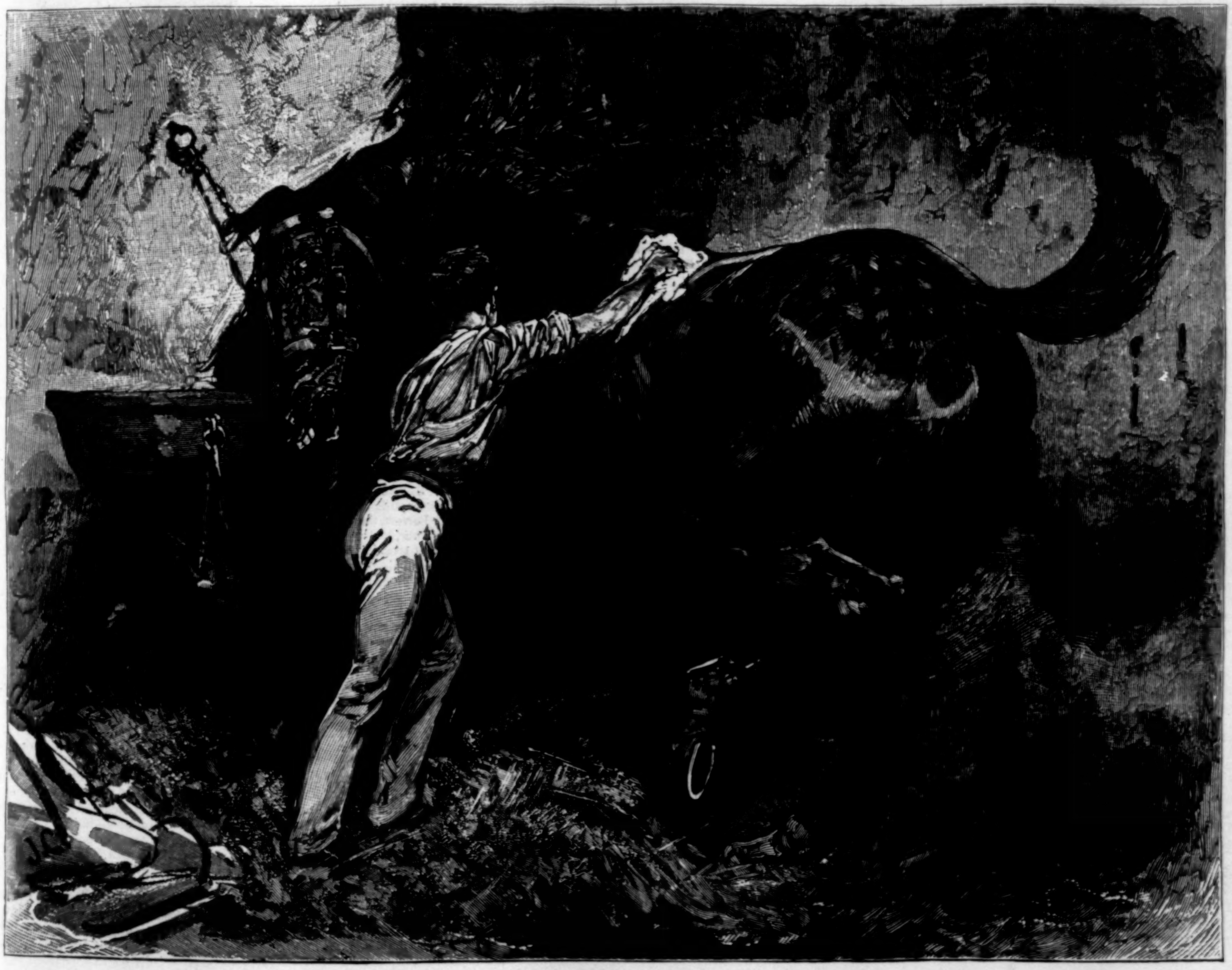
THE SO-CALLED "INTENSELY AMERICAN CANDIDATE."

Dynamite Dictator. "I hope that the wire will flash the tidings of this magnificent demonstration to the English Aristocracy, telling them that THE IRISHMEN of America intend to put JAMES G. BLAINE in the chair of GEORGE WASHINGTON."

Uncle Sam. "Gammon! The English Aristocracy is nothing to me. No true Irish-*Americans* are dynamiters—and I think I have something to say about this."



JAY GOULD WINS THE YACHT RACE—THE "ATALANTA" PASSING FORT TRUMBULL.—From a Sketch by Our Special Artist.—[See Page 540.]



"HE GOT ON PRETTY FAIRLY WITH THAT AMIABLE ANIMAL IN HIS BOX."—[See Serial "From Post to Finish," Page 532.]

FROM POST TO FINISH.*

A RACING ROMANCE.

By HAWLEY SMART,

AUTHOR OF "BREEZIE LANGTON," "BOUND TO WIN," "THE GREAT TONTINE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

SIR MARMADUKE MARTINDALE.

IT was about this time that there suddenly rose above the turf horizon that bright particular star Sir Marmaduke Martindale, and with the advent of Sir Marmaduke came what is generally known as the era of the "plungers." At twenty-one the young baronet found himself in possession of twenty thousand a year and one hundred thousand pounds ready money, the accumulations of a somewhat long minority. During his Cambridge career Sir Marmaduke had shown much more taste for the computation of the odds than the absorbing study of conic sections. He preferred the lore of Newmarket to the teaching of the schools, and no sooner was he his own master than he promptly repudiated a University which, truth to tell, had been more than once on the verge of repudiating him. Sir Marmaduke had never affected the slightest intention of taking a degree; but there are plenty of men who go up to Oxford and Cambridge without any design of that nature. The baronet's irregularities had been pretty notorious, and that he should have escaped the pains and penalties of his offending was due partly to luck and partly to the leniency of the authorities. The Dons of his college don't trouble their heads very much about a man of this sort as far as his reading is concerned; providing he is subordinate to the discipline of the University, and does not wax overriotous, they ask no more of him. Never having expected him to be a credit to his college, they are content to rest satisfied as long as he avoids the other extreme, and does not become a disgrace to it.

In no man's blood did the fierce itch of gambling run hotter than Sir Marmaduke's. He had exhibited this wild passion for play while at the University, and had even then contrived to have a few horses in training at Newmarket; but once emancipated from all restraint, Sir Marmaduke embarked in racing on a colossal scale. He gathered together a lengthy string of thorough-breds, and the boldest of bettors stared aghast at the magnitude of his speculations. He became the head of a small clique who played almost as boldly as himself. Betting in those days was carried on on a scale of which the young men of the present day have no conception, and sums of such magnitude could be won over the great races as is now no longer possible. Amongst other equine celebrities owned by Sir Marmaduke was this colt Pibroch, of which Cuthbert Elliston had spoken to Pearson. The horse had only run once as a two-year-old, when he had won a small stake at Newmarket, defeating some four or five very moderate opponents. From his performances he had not the slightest right to be first favorite for the Two Thousand Guineas, but first favorite he was, and, what is more, one of the hottest favorites that had been seen for many years. That the stable knew a good deal more about him than the public it was only fair to conjecture, and when Sir Marmaduke and his friends really fancied a horse, the sheer weight of money that they invested upon him invariably brought him to the top of the poll. Both backers and book-makers are exceedingly like sheep, and invariably follow the lead of two or three guiding spirits.

Sir Marmaduke was a man who already, in his short career, had made some marvellous *coups* on the turf; and that ravening section of the British public who indulge in such speculation were now keenly observant of everything he did, and excessively anxious to share his fortunes, consequently the public now were wildly backing Pibroch for the Guineas, although, of course, upon much less favorable terms than his owner and friends had contrived to do. Though it wanted yet about a month of the day fixed for the race, seven to four was the latest quotation against Sir Marmaduke's colt.

Mr. Cuthbert Elliston had been early in the field, and had contrived to appropriate a considerable proportion of money at the same price as the stable for himself and Pearson. Elliston was a man who had quite a staff of horse-watchers and people of that kind in his employ, and undoubtedly often was in early possession of valuable information concerning stables other than his own. He paid well for such, and never inquired by what means it had been come by, but on one point he was relentless. If ever the information supplied by one of his myrmidons turned out false, Cuthbert Elliston left no stone unturned to punish the offender. More than one of these jackals of the race-course had rued the day when, either from design or carelessness, they had dispatched false intelligence to Cuthbert Elliston.

Sam Pearson, as he read the weekly account of the doings at Tattersall's, felt well satisfied with what his partner had done about Pibroch. You may know nothing about racing, but to buy shares at a low price and find them going up forty or fifty per cent. is a thing understood by most people, and that is precisely what the quotations from Tattersall's represented to Pearson.

Ah, well! it is all over now, and horse-racing, according to many people who study the signs of the times, is in a fair way to share the fate of pugilism. The days lang syne when investors used to enjoy all the fun of watching the fancy they had backed fluctuate in the turf share-market all through the winter are gone. We live in days of cant and mock civilization, and are perfectly hysterical in our shrieks regarding cruelty to animals. We sacrifice our fellow-creatures without the slightest compunction in the numberless petty wars in which we are everlastingly engaged, and yet shrink from putting the rope round the murderer's neck. Civilized, no doubt—ever advancing in civilization! But what is the outcome of it all?

Sir Marmaduke had opened the season in rare form. The ring had winced at the settling over the Craven Meeting, and were now perfectly paralyzed by another stroke of turf strategy on the part of this young Napoleon of the race-course. A dangerous three-year-old made his appearance at this last meeting, and landed a Biennial Stake over the Rowley Mile in such handsome fashion as to suggest to the minds of the lookers-on that he was likely to imperil the victory of Pibroch in the Two Thousand, however good that colt might be. Before the ensuing week was over it became known through turf circles that Sir Marmaduke had bought this new-comer for a fabulous sum, and after that, as the book-makers said, who could say what this daring young gambler might do? That he had a wonderful clear, shrewd head, those who came most in contact with him were fain to acknowledge; that he was a very fair judge of racing was also apparent; while even his veteran trainer was often filled with astonishment at the information he possessed about antagonistic stables. Sir Marmaduke, indeed, employed a very army of horse-watchers. He eclipsed Cuthbert Elliston in this respect, and, though he might lack that gentleman's experience, he possessed a very much longer purse. Informers against horses, like informers against humanity, are ever at the disposal of the highest bidders.

It was curious to see the effect of Sir Marmaduke's appearance in the ring, when, with his hat slightly pushed back, flower in button-hole and cigarette in mouth, he stepped inside the roaring circle, and opened that betting-book, bound in the colors they knew so well; the book-makers swarmed round him like bees round a honey-comb, and the quick, short nods with which, the price once adjusted, he would pencil down three or four pages of bets, was a sight to see. Men don't back horses in such fashion nowadays, and perhaps it is as well; but I never can help a lingering feeling of admiration for those bold bettors of the "plunging era."

I suppose in the old days of the Prince Regent and Crockford's, when Charles Fox played hazard from sunset to sunrise, they perhaps gambled as fiercely; but I doubt if men of the present time can ever recall heavier gambling on the turf than when Sir Marmaduke Martindale was at the zenith of his career. There were all sorts of rumors concerning him. 'Twas said that he slept with his betting-book and a Derringer pistol under his pillow; that he lived chiefly upon champagne and cigarettes. The rumors of his winnings were fabulous; of his losings people never spoke; and yet the most reliable axiom connected with gambling is contained in the line, "But dice will run the contrary way."

It was some three weeks before the First Spring Meeting at Newmarket, and Tattersall's was in tremendous blast that Monday. Hotter and hotter was the desire to invest upon Pibroch; but boldly as the backers came to the front, still the fielders never flinched. No sooner was six to four taken in hundreds than the strident voice of Bob Broughton—one of the leading Northern book-makers—rang through the room with:

"Here's anaither seven hoondred to four against Pibroch."

Seated on one of the benches outside the little Subscription-Room, with the eternal cigarette in his mouth, was the owner of that noble animal. His hat was tipped over his eyes on this occasion, and not thrown slightly back on his head, as was the case when he meant really transacting business; he seemed half asleep, and was only roused from his reverie by a good-looking man, who lounged up to him and said:

"I say, Marm, they're knocking your horse about like the deuce inside. What's the matter?—is there anything wrong with him?"

"There wasn't at nine this morning. He did a good gallop, and pulled up fresh and well; and I should have been wired to in cipher had anything happened."

"All right, old man; blessed if I don't have another seven hundred to four about him at once. Broughton and some more of them there have got a craze that they know something."

"Well," said Sir Marmaduke, in his usual languid manner, "I think I wouldn't be in a hurry if I were you."

"Why? You tell me the horse is all right; what the deuce do you mean?" exclaimed Captain Farrington.

"Well, as a rule, I usually mean what I say. I simply reiterate the horse is well; but if you take my advice, you won't be in a hurry to back him."

"But, hang it all, old fellow, just explain."

"My dear Farrington, if there's one thing I pride myself upon, it is the extreme simplicity of my English. I never go into verbose explanations. Do as you like; but don't turn round upon me afterward and say I might have told you. Turf tactics are beautiful in their simplicity and ingenuity, but you can't win if you lay your cards upon the table."

Captain Farrington gave vent to a subdued whistle. He was a bold and daring plunger, and had concentrated such brains as Providence had given him on the study of the mysteries of the turf. He knew better than to attempt book-making, being conscious that arithmetic was one of his weak points; but in the backing of horses, like the backing of the colors in *rouge et noir*, there is a delightful simplicity requiring but little intellect to master. He did not do so very badly upon the whole. He was a popular man, and received various hints from the racing magnates as to judicious investments; although, as in the present case, it took a little hammering into his handsome head.

"Doosid clever fellow is Marmy. Suppose I'd better wait and see what his little game is."

He hadn't very long to wait. As the clock in the Subscription-Room marked a quarter to five, Martindale lounged in in his usual *nonchalant* manner. "Want to back a horse, Sir Marmaduke?" was shouted from more than one throat, but above the din thundered Broughton's voice with,

"Here's seven fifties to four Pibroch!"

"Have a bet, Sir Marmaduke," said one of the wiliest speculators in the turf market. "I've only just begun a book on the Guineas, and you haven't given me a turn yet. Let me write you down."

"So you shall," rejoined the baronet, "if you really mean betting."

"All right, Sir Marmaduke; what shall it be? In monkeys or thousands?"

"I'll tell you what you shall do," said the baronet, drawing his betting-book from his pocket, "you shall lay me ten thousand to a thousand against Bushranger, and if anybody wants to go on"—and here the baronet looked defiantly at the surrounding crowd of book-makers—"they can lay it again!"

It was something like a shell exploding in that circle. Here was the owner of the favorite backing his new purchase instead of standing to his old love. There was a slight hesitation, and then from various quarters rang out offers to take the odds against Bushranger, with the natural consequence that his stable companion, Pibroch, began to decline in the betting. As for Sir Marmaduke, he was inflexible. He offered to take ten to one not only again, but twice over, but the ring had got a scare, and eight to one was the highest offer. Muttering something contemptuously to the effect that he really had no time to waste with a lot of men who didn't mean betting in earnest, but were simply all talk, the baronet snapped up his book and left the Subscription-Room. As he made his way up the narrow passage to the outer door he was overtaken by Farrington.

"By Jove, old fellow!" said that gentleman, "you've set 'em a riddle inside that will keep 'em thinking all night. But I say, Marm, is Bushranger really the best?"

"My dear Monkton, don't ask indiscreet questions. Rest satisfied with what I told you at the beginning of the afternoon—namely, that if you waited you'd get longer odds about Pibroch."

The Honorable remained wrapped in reverie for some few minutes after the baronet left. At last his thoughts took tangible form, and he muttered, "It's a rum go, and which is the real pea I'm blessed if I know."

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CHAPTER X.

AN UNDER-GRADUATE OF THE SADDLE.

GERALD ROCKINGHAM, under the assumed name of Jim Forrest, had now been installed for some three weeks at Riddleton Grange. He stuck closely to his work, was excessively willing and punctual—though deviation in this last matter is a thing rarely known in a racing stable. He had won Joe Butters's regard, not only for these qualities, but from his perfect nerve with the horses. Jim Forrest, indeed, seemed quite indifferent as to what he rode, and was now appointed to look after the Dancing Master. He got on pretty fairly with that amiable animal in his box, and could admittedly do more with the horse on the training ground than any one else. I don't at all mean that he had exorcised the devil entirely out of the brute. The horse still continued to show his savage temper, as heretofore. He would suddenly decline to move at all; then he would buck, kick, and plunge like a very demon. Then again he would take hold of his bit, and for once in a way gallop with a vengeance, cutting down both Caterham and Phaeton at seven pounds less than weight-for-age in marvellous fashion, making old Bill Greyson grind his teeth with exasperation when he thought of the brute's waywardness.

"There's all the stakes in the world at the villain's mercy if we could only rely upon him. What a thing temper is, both amongst horses and Christians!"

One thing the astute trainer noticed was that the Dancing Master had never succeeded in getting rid of young Forrest. He had thrown every boy in the stable, not even excepting the redoubtable Joe Butters; but Jim Forrest, thanks to his firm seat and untiring vigilance, had never been so disposed of, unless the first morning, when the horse went back with him, should be so accounted. Not a pleasant horse to ride, by any manner of means. He would go along quietly and easily just to lull you to sleep, and then without a word of warning break out in his tantrums, the result of which was that many a boy turned a somersault in the air. Jim owed his immunity to never relaxing his vigilance. After that first morning he had never asked for the favor of a whip, and Bill Greyson had often admired the patience with which the lad would bear with the horse's vagaries. He would sometimes wear the Dancing Master out when he was in one of his sullen moods by sitting immovable as one of the sentries at the Horse-Guards, and quietly waiting till it pleased him to move, when at last the horse, I presume from sheer weariness of spirit, would break into life again, and either kick or plunge, or start down the gallop like a steed possessed.

"Tell you what, Dollie, that was rather a good pick up, that last boy—that young Forrest. He's only been with us three weeks or so, and I'm blessed if he isn't the best of the lot of them. Mark me, if he don't put on flesh and become too heavy, he'll likely come out as a jockey some of these days," said Mr. Greyson one morning.

That Dollie watched her lover's progress with the keenest interest I need scarcely say; but she very rarely succeeded in exchanging a word with him. It would have been a terrible solecism for Miss Greyson to have been seen talking to one of the stable-boys. Should Jim Forrest ever become a jockey, then, of course, it would be perfectly correct, as by the immutable law of nature jockeys seem invariably to look amongst the trainer's daughters for a wife. Although Jim bore his lot with great resolution, it had more discomfort than usual connected with it. It need scarcely be said that association with his companions was extremely distasteful to him, and that they should bitterly resent his standing rather aloof from them was only natural. They speedily recognized that he was of a class above themselves, and liked him no better for that, stigmatizing him as a "bloated swell," and subjecting him occasionally not only to their coarse jeers, but further electing him as a fit subject to play practical jokes upon. However, all this sort of thing came very speedily to an end. One of the biggest boys, encouraged by the placid manner with which Forrest tolerated this sort of horse-play, thought fit to indulge his humor rather further one evening. He caught a Tartar with a vengeance. Jim's left shot out straight and deadly as the matador's sword, and stretched the joker flat upon his back. "A ring! a ring!" shouted his companions; and with little stomach for the task the aggressor found himself obliged to stand up to his victim and fight him in earnest. Bob Matthews—for such was the aggressor's name—would have very gladly compromised matters; but his comrades had no idea of being defrauded of all the gratifications of a fight. Jim was about a year older than his antagonist, and besides a natural attribute for all athletic pursuits, had enjoyed the advantage of professional instruction. Three rounds saw the termination of the whole affair; and that Bob Matthews should have come up for the third time after the severe punishment he had received, showed that, though destitute of science, he was at all events not wanting in pluck.

I need scarcely say that from this out no one attempted to interfere with Jim. The stable-boys had ascertained two very important points—not only that he would fight, but also that he could; in fact, the straightness, quickness, and severity of his hitting had excited no small admiration in the little community.

If the life was somewhat hard, it was at all events healthy. Early hours, lots of exercise on the bracing moorland, and plenty of wholesome food; for though jockeys are perforce condemned to lead the lives of anchorites, the boys in any stable of repute are well taken care of, and by no means "muzzled." Still it was galling to one who had been brought up as heir to Cranley Chase to have to endure at times sharp rating from a man who had stood almost in the capacity of servant to his father; and, willing as Jim was, the strapping down of his horse was new to him. He was not ignorant of how it ought to be done, but he lacked the practical knowledge. As Mr. Greyson said emphatically to him one morning, "You're better in the saddle than the stable, my lad. Don't be afraid of your horse; rub him down as if you were polishing a dining-table."

"He's a little awkward to deal with, sir," expostulated Jim.

"We never want answers unless asked for in a racing stable," replied Greyson, sharply. "Your business, my lad, is to take in what's said to you, and offer no opinion upon it. If I take it into my head to train tigers, you'll have to do 'em properly, or go."

Trainers have their annoyances like other people. Annoyances, as a rule, are reflected in the temper like a face in a glass, and Mr. Greyson at times would almost shake his fist and curse the Dancing Master after some out-of-the-way misconduct on that provoking animal's part. It was aggravating after such a slice of luck as carrying off the Two Thousand and Leger the previous year to find yourself with a colt in the stable quite capable of a similar feat if he could only be induced to do his best. But there it was. A queerer-tempered animal than the Dancing Master it had never been Bill Greyson's lot to take charge of. His legs seemed of iron. He was never sick nor sorry, nor any anxiety to his trainer in that way, but what vagaries that wayward gray might indulge in on a race-course no mortal could foresee. His owner, Cuthbert Elliston, felt more vindictive concerning him than even Greyson. His wrath with an animal that ought to be a veritable gold mine to him, and obstinately declined to exert itself, was virulent in the extreme; and over and over again he declared that it was cheaper to shoot such bad-tempered brutes at once. You could not then be seduced by fallacious performances on the home gallops into losing your money over them on a race-course, and the Dancing Master, during his two-year-old career, had proved a terribly expensive horse from his erratic caprices.

Gradually Jim got excessively fond of his charge, and the wayward gray seemed after his own fashion to reciprocate his attendant's regard. It was undoubted that he would behave better to Jim than to any other boy in the stable, but that was not saying so very much, after all. It was never safe to be at all careless in dealing with him, and on the training ground his behavior was as often as not quite as unruly as ever. Still, Jim, after the manner of the class with which he had identified himself, believed that his charge was the greatest three-year-old in England.

"If you could only make up your mind to take things in reason, old man," he would say sometimes, as he caressed the gray's black muzzle, when that fickle quadruped was in an amiable mood, "you could take a double-first, you know you could. I know it's only your light-heartedness; but you carry it too far, you do indeed; and spoiling my waistcoat, or fetching me one on the legs isn't a nice way of showing your gratitude."

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1439.

Hazlitt has said "that the apprentice who does not believe that he will come to be Lord Mayor is in a fair way to be hanged." Similarly the stable-lad who does not think that the colt he looks after is a very possible Derby winner will do no good in his vocation. Jim stuck doggedly to his work, and never made answer again to any rebuke which Greyson addressed to him, rising gradually higher in that astute worthy's esteem than he could have imagined.

Another thing that had much perturbed Jim in the first few weeks of his novitiate was the fear of being recognized; but this gradually faded away, as he found how very few of his own class were ever to be seen about Riddleton Moor. True, he knew that some time or other he should probably have to encounter Cuthbert Elliston or Pearson, but, as Dollie pointed out, the difference of dress and their being so utterly unprepared to see him in such a position would make their noticing him improbable. If he would simply wear a wrap round his throat that he could pull well up if necessary, a very common article of attire with his companions, and take the precaution of pulling his cap well over his brows when such partial concealment of his face became necessary, there was little fear of his being recognized.

"Don't be offended, Gerald dear, but our patrons don't take much notice of the stable-lads as a rule," said Miss Greyson, "and you may trust me to let you know when we may expect visitors."

At eighteen, when we have done nothing, we are wont to think the eyes of the world are upon us. At eight-and-thirty, when we have shot our bolt, we know it is very unlikely to take heed of us. Jim Forrest, meanwhile, stuck stubbornly to the rough and somewhat monotonous existence he had marked out for himself. Wicked as the Dancing Master's temper was, Jim spent hours meditating over conciliatory measures concerning him, but the capricious brute, after exhibiting exemplary manners for two mornings running, and flattering his trainer into the belief that they had at last won his confidence, would on the third behave like a horse possessed, and even patient Bill Greyson, though firmly impressed as ever with what the gray could do if he chose, was getting more despondent every day about his ever being in the humor to try when wanted.

"It's hard, Dollie, confounded hard," he would say sometimes in the bitterness of his heart, "that gray colt trains on every day; no cause for uneasiness about him. He's sound in wind and limb as any ever I handled, and clears out his manger as a horse should do. That Forrest, who looks after him, is a smart lad, too. The brute's had every chance, and there the ungrateful devil stands. He's good enough to sweep the board this year, and bad enough to break the Bank of England."

"What does Mr. Elliston say about him, father?" asked the girl.

"Hates the very name of him. You see we had a rattling good year all round last, bar the Dancing Master. He took the gilt off the gingerbread considerable. What we dropped over him on the New Stakes at Ascot made a considerable hole in the Two Thousand winnings, while half the Phaeton money was down on him for the Middle Park, when he started first favorite, and never even got placed.

"I'm sorry, father. It's very provoking. Will he gallop with what's-his-name—I mean Forrest—on his back?"

"Sometimes. But it's the old story: he will and he won't—and there's no guessing when he will."

"Shall you send him to Newmarket to follow in Caterham's footsteps, father?"

"Most unlikely he would follow even if sent," snapped Mr. Greyson; "but Mr. Elliston must decide that, and I don't think he'll trust him again. I should think one hundred and fifty or so would buy him, and to any one who wants a superannuated groom comfortably chawed up, or a loose-box kicked down, he's cheap at the money."

"He's not dangerous to the boy who looks after him, surely," said Dollie, quickly.

"No; not exactly. Forrest understands him, and he's fairly behaved with him in the stable; but he'd eat anybody who hadn't sense and quickness, and he kicks at times like a mad horse."

"And will win the Two Thousand?" interposed the girl, laughing.

"More likely never to have left Riddleton the day that race is run," replied her father. "However, Mr. Elliston is coming next week, and that will settle it."

"Yes, I suppose he will decide then," replied the girl, dreamily. "Good-night."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE DAYTON MONUMENT.

The dedication of the soldiers' monument at Dayton, Ohio, which took place on the 31st of July, was the occasion of a grand celebration, which began on the 29th, and continued three days. Thousands of veterans and civilians from all parts of the country participated in the festivities.

The monument is a fine specimen of monumental architecture. The esplanade is a solid piece of masonry, twenty-five feet square by one in height. Upon this are three steps, forming an easy ascent to the monument proper. These three steps are symbolical in almost every secret order in the world, and they form a base of more than ordinary interest. They are each one foot thick, and measure, by squares, twenty feet four inches, nineteen feet ten inches, and seventeen feet six inches. The base of the monument proper is fifteen feet square by four thick, and is built of rubble-work, more appropriately rock-faced blocks of granite. The first dressed block of granite rests upon this foundation, and is twelve feet square and two feet three inches in thickness.

The Greek cube or die rests upon this plinth, and is ten feet six inches in height, breadth, and thickness. This die is plain, and shows up grandly in its massive simplicity. A plinth seven feet square and five feet high rests upon the die. It is square at the bottom, but by graceful curves and lines forms an octagon on the top, upon which to receive the cylindrical base of the column, or, in other words, the upper and second die. This is five feet six inches in diameter, and has a height of eight feet. A circular moulding, five feet in diameter and four feet three inches high, rests upon this second die, and receives the Doric column. This shaft or monolith (single stone) is one solid piece of circular granite, and stands twenty-eight feet high, having a base of three feet six inches in diameter. It is the largest stone ever raised in this country by a derrick, weighing nearly sixty thousand pounds. The column capital is placed upon this shaft, and upon this the statue plinth.

The statue is crowned by the figure of a sentinel standing at parade rest. It is eleven feet in height, and very picturesque in effect.

The monument stands eighty-five feet high, and is made from Hallowell granite from the State of Maine. It is of the finest to be procured in this country. The following inscriptions are cut in tasteful letters on the Greek cube.

On the side facing southward is inscribed: "The Memorial of Montgomery County to her Soldiers. Dedicated July 31, 1884." On the east: "The Republic Rests on the Virtue, Intelligence, and Patriotism of its Citizens." On the north: "The Federal Union Must and Shall be Preserved." On the west: "Liberty and Union, Now and Forever, One and Inseparable."

A BLACK CAMP IN AUSTRALIA.

The interior of all the huts was very much the same, a few old rugs on the bare ground, coiled upon which in some cases was an old woman, in others two, generally smoking a very short and dirty black clay pipe, and clothed in a ragged shirt, or simply covered with the corner of one of the rugs. In all cases there were in the hut one or two mangy curs, mongrels of the worst description, which seemed to consider they had as much right to the comfortable part of the dwelling as the human occupants, with whom they dwelt not always in perfect harmony. In one case we found three women all smoking, the youngest of whom had nothing on; the proud sable beauty, however, seemed not to resent our thus beholding her in Nature's garb, and would not even take the trouble to pull the old blanket on which she was coiled up round her, but jabbered away as if she were arrayed in the latest style of costume supplied by Worth himself.

Around one of the fires were some of the women, a child or two, and an old man, eating what seemed to be some broiled fish, done in the ashes; the mangy curs that belonged to the family appeared to have a right to poke their noses in, and regardless of the blows which every now and then were dealt them by their human masters, succeeding in carrying off stray bits of food. I was much struck by seeing one of the women—"gins" is their proper title—rescue a bit of meat, or whatever the compound was, from a dog, and eat it as if nothing had happened.

After we had satisfied our curiosity in the camp, we wandered off through the scrub, and met some of the men and women coming home; these were in all cases very much like the blacks we had left in the huts. The women, some of whom looked quite young, were all smoking the same sort of pipe, and wearing the usual shirt, in some few cases a skirt as well. The men were all bearded, as, indeed, is universal all over Australia, and not as ugly, according to the white man's standard, as their female companions. They stood about five feet eight or nine inches without the aid of boots—an unknown luxury among the blacks—and their usual garments were a pair of trousers and a shirt; in some cases only the latter. Both men and women seemed to take the common savage delight in tying up their hair with strips of any bright-colored stuff they could get.

A BIT OF PORTUGAL.

We were more than charmed with our first journey in Portugal. For miles and miles the country looked like one immense orchard, and when the fruit trees ceased, we passed through great forests of cork-trees, which in their turn gave place to vineyards and fields of grain. In many places we saw vines trained on fruit trees, under which grain was springing up, the ground thus yielding a triple harvest. If other parts of Portugal are like the north, it well deserves the title of the garden of Europe.

Oporto is a busy, bright-looking city, occupying a hilly situation on the banks of the Douro. One hill in the very centre of the town is crowned by the cathedral and bishop's palace, another by the church of Los Clerigos with its imposing campanile, and yet another by the public garden and crystal palace. Many of the streets are broad and handsome, but most of them are very steep.

In Oporto all carts and wagons are drawn by oxen. The draught oxen in use are very large, and have truly magnificent horns. They draw in couples, and wear heavy yokes of beautifully carved wood, trimmed usually with scarlet fringe. They look extremely docile and patient, and deserving of more gentle treatment than they generally meet with. It is quite usual to see a pair of horns measuring from six to eight feet from tip to tip; and it is no easy matter to pass a yoke of oxen with such horns, should one chance to meet them in a narrow street. In such cases we were sometimes compelled to make for a shop or open doorway, and take refuge until the wagon had passed. The oldest and most picturesque part of the town is in the neighborhood of the cathedral. There the streets are particularly steep and narrow, and the queer little low-roofed shops with unglazed windows are quite Oriental-looking.

The cathedral is ancient, but has been much and badly modernized. In one of the transept chapels, which formed part of an older church than the present one, there is a particularly handsome retable of massive silver, which by some lucky chance escaped the pillaging hands of the French. The centre part of it, a shrine in the form of a temple, is Grecian in design, and is of much finer workmanship than the more florid side-pieces, which are of comparatively recent date. The cloisters in connection with the cathedral are small, but very perfect. The narrow-pointed arches are supported by slender double pillars, and the walls are lined with old-fashioned-looking blue tiles representing Scriptural subjects. Glazed tiles are much used in Oporto for the fronts of houses, with a very pleasing effect. The party-colored tiles are not nearly so trying to the eyes as the dazzling granite or whitewash which they replace, and at the same time they serve to keep the houses cooler in summer and drier in winter than they would otherwise be. One of the most remarkable streets is the Rua das Flores, a whole side of which is occupied by jewellers' shops. Gold and silver filigree is quite a specialty of this district. It is wrought by the peasants in their country homes during the long winter evenings. The usual forms are long massive chains, enormous heart-shaped pendants, very long heavy ear-rings, crosses, and beads. The gold used is of the finest, the English alloyed gold being entirely despised by the Portuguese. Well-to-do peasants invest all their savings in jewelry of this sort, considering it safer than banking; consequently it is no uncommon thing to see a woman, in ordinary country dress, literally loaded with gold ornaments. They are not, however, worn ostentatiously, for generally they are almost entirely hidden by a shawl or kerchief.

ANCIENT COLOSSAL SCULPTURE.

A piece of interesting news comes to us from Egypt regarding a discovery recently made in Lower Egypt by Mr. Flinders Petrie of the fragments of a colossal statue of King Rameses II., which, calculating the height from the fragments which remain, must have stood considerably over one hundred feet in height. The material employed is granite, and the executing of such a work in such a material, and when completed, rearing it into position, must have involved a profound knowledge not only of high art, but of engineering skill. Is it possible that the statue could have been cut out whole in one piece? If so, what lever power did the Egyptians possess to raise such an enormous weight into a perpendicular position?

Certain it is that these ancient builders knew well how to get over, and did get over, prodigious difficulties, as witness their obelisks, and the enormous stones which compose the platform of the magnificent Temple of the Sun at Baalbec. As there is no stone quarry near, how these vast stones could possibly have been conveyed thither in the first place, and then raised to their position, has been an enigma to all modern architects and engineers by whom the temple has been critically examined, and who have freely confessed that, even with all our modern science of steam-cranes, hydraulic jacks, and railways, the transport and raising of such immense cyclopean masses would have undoubtedly presented many serious difficulties, if indeed it could be accomplished at all.

Some of our readers doubtless saw Mr. Poynter's grand picture in the Royal Academy of London, a few years ago, entitled "Israel in Egypt." It represented an enormous mass of sculpture mounted on a wheeled truck, dragged along by hundreds of the unfortunate captive Israelites, who are smarting under the whips of their cruel drivers. Mr. Poynter had good authority for his "motive power" as shown in his picture. So far as we can discover from ancient works or ancient sculptures, the hugest stone masses were transported mainly by force of human muscles, with few mechanical expedients. Levers and rollers seem to have been almost, if not altogether, unknown. The mass was generally placed on a kind of sledge, the ground over which it was to pass lubricated with some oily substance, and the sheer strength of human shoulders was then applied.

A WORD TO DELICATE PEOPLE.

Without being actual dyspeptics, a great many people suffer from what is termed weak digestion. The symptoms of such a condition of stomach and intestines are only too well known: the feeling of uneasiness after eating, with probably some degree of distension and flatulence, acid eructations, constipation or the reverse, or the one state alternating with another, discomforting or alarming sensations about the region of the heart, swimming in the head, noises in the ears, sleeplessness or non-refreshing slumber, occasional headaches, general *ennui* and weariness, and lastly, nervous symptoms of any or all kinds, not the least distressing of which may be some of the many *phobias* that afflict people with weak digestions, from cardiphobia to hydrophobia. I have had patients whom no amount of reasoning would convince that they were not suffering from heart-disease; others who suffered—they said—from incipient softening of the brain; some who had no lungs; others minus liver.

"I don't believe," a patient told me only the day before yesterday, "that I have an ounce of liver left."

Well, such people, at all events, have my sincere sympathy, and my advice to them in the matter of diet is somewhat as follows:

Eat moderately: on no account take what may be called a full meal. Take food whenever hungry; for instance, have breakfast immediately after getting up, merely going out of doors for five minutes previously. If hungry about twelve, have a cup of cocoatina; dine at two o'clock off a tender joint, or steak, or chop, with potatoes sparingly and greens, a little soup, and tapioca or rice pudding. No pastry, or sweets, or cheese. Take no fluid until you have nearly finished the solids. Vary the food every day. Fish only if quite digestible, which it oftentimes is not; no veal or pork, but mutton, beef, game, and fowl. Fruit before breakfast, but not after dinner.

IRISH THORNS.

In Ulster the thorns are sacred; no plough approaches within some feet of them, and even to touch their branches is unlucky. Innumerable are the tales of fool-hardy persons who, after many warnings, insisted on breaking off leaves or boughs from such trees, and who were punished by losing the guilty hand, or by its being so torn by the thorns as to be crippled for life: Sometimes a man alone at work in the fields would hear his own name distinctly called, and, looking up, would see all the little folk in green dancing on a hill-side or playing among trees, and whilst he gazed they would all vanish again. They are in popular legends the very embodiment of caprice and fitful zeal for good or evil. For no apparent cause, some man or woman is suddenly singled out for every sort of favor: the ashes on their hearths are changed by night to glittering gold, the empty cans are filled with well-water by the *toil* of the tiny friends, the house-work is done, and the barrel kept full of meal; and then on a sudden they forsake the favorite of a fortnight, and pelt him with petty woes till he is half wild, or, maybe, dry up the supply of milk, lame his horses, or blight his child. Their love of children, and their longing to carry them away, have suggested many touching ballads, and they are supposed to be willing to give any good gift to a household in return for leave to rock the cradle.

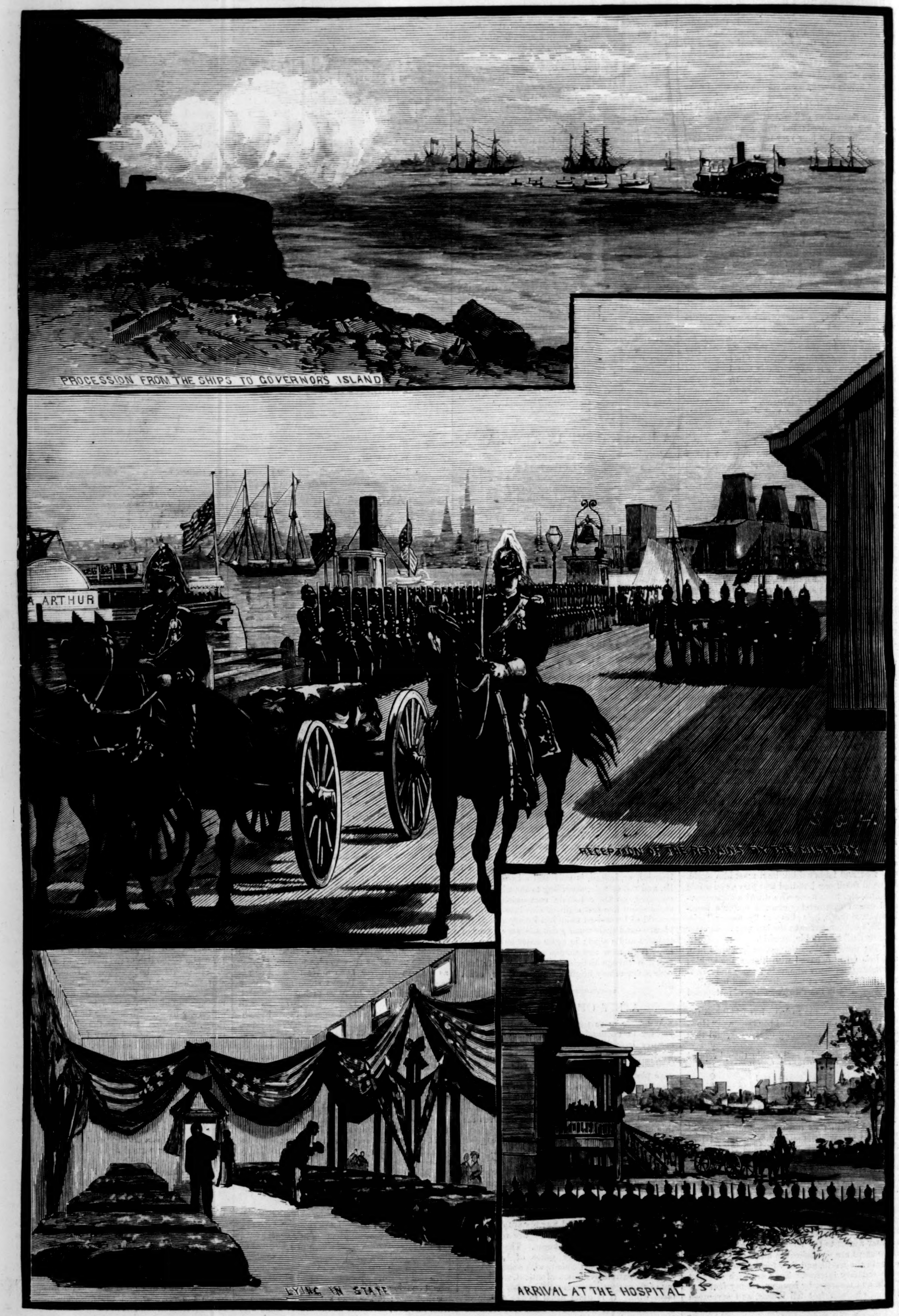
DREAMS AND DREAMERS.

Dreams are in the main referred by the savage either to the entrance into him of some outside spirit—as among the Feejeeans, who believe that the spirit of a living man will leave the body to trouble sleeping folk—or to the real doings of himself.

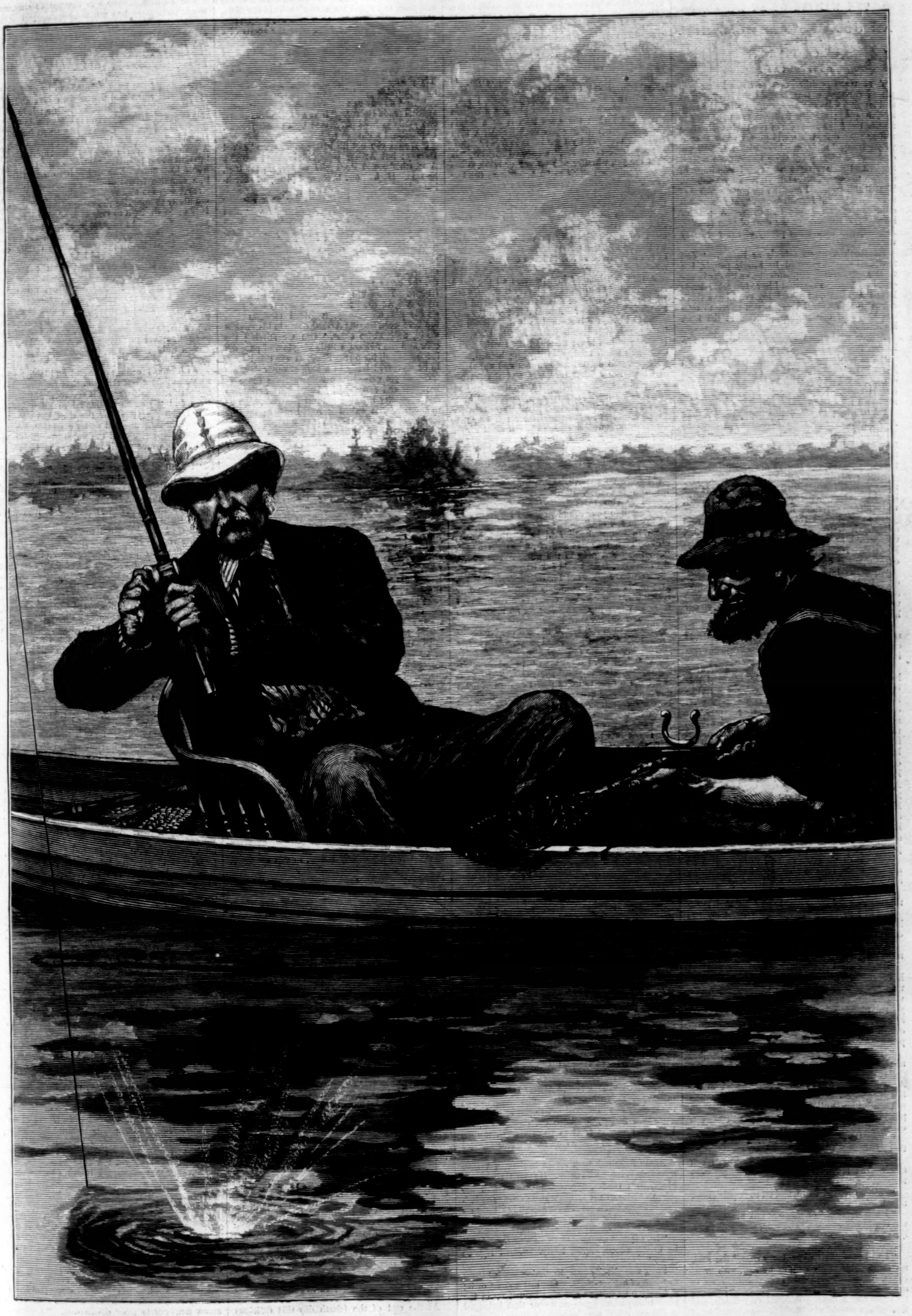
When the Greenlander dreams of hunting, or fishing, or courting, he believes that the soul quits the body; the Dyaks of Borneo think that during sleep the soul sometimes remains in the body or travels far away, being endowed, whether present or absent, with conditions which in waking moments are lacking. Wherever we find a low state of mental development, the like belief exists. In Mr. im Thurn's elaborate work on the Indians of Guiana we have corroborative evidence the more valuable because of its freshness. He tells us that the dreams which come to the Indian are to him as real as any of the events of his waking life. To him dream acts and waking acts differ only in one respect, namely, that the former are done only by the spirit, the latter are done by the spirit in its body. Seeing other men asleep, and afterward hearing from them the things which they suppose themselves to have done when asleep, the Indian has no difficulty in reconciling that which he hears with the fact that the bodies of the sleepers were in his sight and motionless throughout the time of supposed action, because he never questions that the spirits, leaving the sleepers, played their part in dream adventures.

In the Scandinavian Vatnsdæla Saga there is a curious account of three Finns who were shut up in a hut for three nights, and ordered by Ingimund, a Norwegian chief, to visit Iceland, and inform him of the line of the country where he was to settle. Their bodies became rigid, and they sent their souls on their errand, and on their awaking, at the end of three days, gave an accurate account of the Vatnsdal, in which Ingimund ultimately dwelt. No wonder that in mediæval times, when witches swept the air and harried the cattle, swooning and other forms of insensibility were adduced in support of the theory of soul absence, or that we find among savages—as the Tajals of the Luzon Islands—objections to waking a sleeper, lest the soul happens to be out of the body. As a corollary to this belief in soul absence, fear arises lest it be prolonged to the peril of the owner, and hence a rough-and-ready theory of the cause of disease is framed, for savages rarely die in their beds.

That disease is a derangement of functions, interrupting their natural action, and carrying attendant pain as its indication, could not enter the head of the uncivilized; and indeed among ourselves a cold or a fever is commonly thought of as an entity in the body which has stolen in, and having been caught, must be somehow expelled. With the universal primitive belief in spiritual agencies everywhere inhaled with the breath or swallowed with the food or drink, all diseases were regarded as their work, whether, as remarked above, through undue absence of the rightful spirit or subtle entrance of some hostile one. If these be the causes to which sicknesses are due, obviously the only cure is to get rid of them, and hence the sorcerer and the medicine-man find their services in request in casting out the demon by force, or enticing him by cajolery, or in bringing back the truant soul.


PROCESSION FROM THE SHIPS TO GOVERNORS ISLAND
A ARTHUR
RECEPTION OF THE REMAINS BY THE MILITARY
LYING IN STATE
ARRIVAL AT THE HOSPITAL

THE ARCTIC DEAD—THE TRANSFER TO GOVERNOR'S ISLAND.—Drawn by Schell and Hogan.—[See Page 529.]



A DISTINGUISHED FISHERMAN ENJOYING HIS WELL-EARNED VACATION.

LOVE AND MIRAGE;*

OR,

THE WAITING ON AN ISLAND.

AN OUT-OF-DOOR ROMANCE.

CHAPTER X.

SELF-BETRAYAL.

A PERILOUS position, certes: not a living soul within ear-shot, a lazy, languid world of flowers and lapping waves all their own. Time, the monitor, napping; nothing under the sun seeming to matter but this sweet talk of two! Let moralists rail as they may, the world grows wiser than it was. Men's brains are busy with schemes undreamed of when prehistoric lovers went a-Maying. And we are mere babes and sucklings in science to our great-grandchildren as yet unborn. 'Tis all the same. From the time our globe was set a-spinning till it shall be brought to a standstill, one empire sways humanity. A pair of lovely eyes will enslave the soul of man forever. A pretty girl makes the poetry of the workaday world.

Elizabeth went on soberly as before. "You find us here surrounded by kindly people, but these are travelling acquaintance, as we say in our own language. Flora and I have few real friends left; that is why, whilst talking to you as a sister might to a brother, I trust to you never to take advantage of our forlorn position in the least little thing."

Arthur winced. Was, then, love-making forbidden for once and for all?

"It is very hard upon us both, especially upon Flora," she went on. "I am older, and do not expect so much from life. But Flora is as yet a mere child. No wonder she looks upon happiness as a right."

"And why may you not be happy too?" asked Arthur, with kindly solicitude.

"Happiness!" cried Elizabeth, proudly. "Were men and women only born to run after contentment? I can bear sorrow. But it is disgrace that crushes me, and breaks my heart."

Arthur dared not ask an explanation. He must wait till Elizabeth should dash away her burning tears, and, mastering herself by an effort, vouchsafe to enlighten him.

"You must not learn our story here," she said at last. Most likely none know it, or if some do, they would keep silent out of common charity. Flora and I belong to a ruined house, and the curse that lies on it is a curse of shame."

"But the innocent are no longer punished, even in public opinion, for the guilty," Arthur said, consolingly. "We must leave our kinsfolk to blush for their own misdeeds, and hold up our heads high all the same."

"There speaks out a man's daring! Women must feel things and take things differently. We can not show a brazen front to the world when inwardly we are humbled to the dust."

Arthur felt more and more hopelessly at a loss. Had the father or any kinsman of this beautiful girl played the part of coward or traitor in any of the late wars? Was the family escutcheon thereby blotched forever? Or might not one of her blood and name have gone over to the ranks of those secret guilds whose watchword is regicide, and dishonor come thence? Again, he had heard of many crashes in the world of commerce lately, brought about by unfair speculation and shameless abuse of public credulity. A third solution of the mystery might be looked for in such quarters. Or lastly, supposing that Elizabeth owned a kinswoman as lovely as herself, and that disgrace had come in the female line? A shameful marriage, a catastrophe worse still—all these things were within the limits of possibility.

Elizabeth's thoughts seemed to have gone on another track, for she now turned to him with a sudden change of manner, and put a question:

"Why did you smile the other day when I lamented that a woman could not fight a duel?"

"Why? Because the fighting of duels has long fallen into ridicule with us. The laws, indeed, no longer permit it."

"Yet dishonor is avenged that way, if your novelists depict manners faithfully."

"Oh! abide by some fiction-mongers, and you have an English constitution as fantastical as that of the moon, which, you know, a gay Greek was whisked up to once upon a time. But I beg your pardon. I have no right to speak slightingly of the duel, since it is still accepted in your country and in some others for which I entertain profound esteem."

"How, then," Elizabeth went on, "are questions affecting family honor settled by you?"

"It depends upon the kind of question," said Arthur. "The foul-mouthed is amenable to the law of libel. The coward, if we trouble ourselves to punish him at all, is let off with a horse-whipping. There is another word for you of English coinage."

"Would a man who insulted a woman get that?" asked Elizabeth.

"Well," Arthur replied, "he might get much more. The law does for us what duelling does for you."

Elizabeth looked down, and on each pale cheek now burned a painful blush.

"I was thinking of offenses not amenable to the law in any country," she said, slowly and sadly. "There are many."

Arthur looked expectant.

"I will give you an imaginary case," she said, speaking deliberately and, as he saw, with great effort. She had evidently nerved herself up to say something painful to disclose. "Suppose that you had a sister you loved very dearly, and that a man should win her love—the very life of a woman—under promise of marriage, then basely desert her. What punishment would such a villain receive at your hands?" she asked, turning toward him with indignant eyes and cheeks afire.

"This offense is also punishable according to the letter of English law," was Arthur's reply. "For the most part, however, a proud woman—and I hope my sister would be of the proudest—would allow no vengeance to be wasted upon that contemptible vacillator a recalcitrant lover."

His answer seemed far from satisfactory to Elizabeth. She reflected for a while.

"I have not made my meaning clear, I see," she said. "The most solemn promise a human being can make; the word that is as a bond; the declaration given upon oath. Shall a man forswear these, and yet get off scot-free?"

"My honest opinion," answered Arthur, "is that the jilt, whether of your sex or mine, is too contemptible a culprit to be brought to the bar at all. Society should turn a cold shoulder upon such gentry, and appear to ignore their very existence. That is at least my notion."

Elizabeth looked at him with an expression that more than discommended. There was almost contemptuous pity in the blue eyes now welling up with tears, and passionate remonstrance in the clear voice as she faltered out, "You have no sister!"

Arthur felt himself in a position all the more embarrassing on account of its very deliciousness. He must try to console this fluttering, tearful girl by his side, yet how? And her last words sadly disturbed him, for it seemed as if there could be but one reading of the beautiful Elizabeth's story. It was her own heart that had been wrung, her own troth shamelessly played with; herself, and no other, who needed a champion and upholder. She then knew what love was, and the sorrow she would fain flee from was the mirage he had come to seek. The conviction humiliated him, yet he reflected that it could hardly be otherwise. These exquisite Elizabeths never reach woman's estate without wooers enow; if of unworthy sort, more's the pity. In his enthusiasm he felt ready, civilian as he was, to measure swords with the most martial Prussian in the empire on behalf of his beautiful friend.

"I have no sister," he began, astonished at his own hesitancy. "But may not a man be moved to chivalrous feeling by other claims? Take me into your confidence, and I will do anything you ask me."

"Will you, really?" said Elizabeth, brightly, although one tear was still visible on her cheek. "Anything, anything in the world?" she added, with strange, almost wild animation.

"You have my word for it," Arthur went on, growing in his turn strangely animated. "Only remember, rare services claim rare rewards. I leave you free to exact. Expect no moderation from me when my turn comes."

Elizabeth hardly seemed to heed the import of the words, but grew gayer and gayer, whilst deftly enough she led him to other subjects.

"I must think, I must take time before opening myself more to you," she said. "To-day it is enough for me to know that I can count upon one intrepid and generous-minded friend. Now, in your turn, tell me something. What could you mean by saying to me, when we first met, that you came here to wait for a mirage?"

"Is not this the land of mirage?" asked Arthur, airily. "Might not a painter be taken here at his word?"

"If he lived to the age of the patriarchs, yes," Elizabeth replied, laughing. "A mirage, it is true, may be seen to-morrow; likelier still, not for a hundred years. They say that only old folks on this island have ever witnessed one at all."

Arthur, for the life of him, could hold his peace no longer. The wonder of the scene; the irresistibleness of the situation; the bewildering charm of Elizabeth's manner, as distinct from coquetry as her beauty from cheap prettiness—these things mastered him. He felt, perhaps, a touch of self-contempt, but mingled with it an exhilaration that knew no bounds.

"Is not everybody's life a waiting for a mirage?" he whispered. "But I wait no longer. Three days ago, at one of the clock, I fell in love."

CHAPTER XI.

ON THE BRINK.

THAT disturbing confession had the very last effect a lover could desire. Elizabeth, without a word or look expressive of disapprobation, merely rose, saying, hurriedly and agitatedly, that it was time to join the others.

"I have kept already away from Flora much too long," she said, drawing down her veil to hide a blush. "What was I thinking of—and you, too? We shall have to embark in half an hour."

"I intend to stay here," Arthur made answer, rather morosely, Elizabeth thought. She looked the inquiry she preferred not to put into words.

"Truth to tell," he went on, vindictively, "if I return, I should want to be talking to you all day long. I had better stay for a while where I am."

Again Elizabeth took refuge in silence, Arthur resenting it more and more. He saw Harvey and Flora, with others, approaching, and heard the harsh whistle of the steamer summoning the holiday-makers to embark. He certainly should remain behind for at least a week. But for all that, Elizabeth ought to answer him.

"Do express an opinion one way or another," he finally added, almost tartly. "Shall I go or stay?"

Flora was already near, hastening toward them to boast of her sea-holly. She had a sheaf of it; a wonderful sight as she now held it up in the pure transparent light—a flower that belonged to the sea, a leaf that belonged to the sky.

Arthur looked at Elizabeth.

"We had better do our thinking apart," she said, in a low voice. That was all. Then the conversation became a mere buzz. Everybody had an adventure to tell of. Some, at peril of life and limb, had found a sea-crow's nest in the cliffs, others a piece of amber on the shore; golden sea-poppies, rare agates, fossils, were the spoils of a few. Only Arthur was empty-handed.

"Mr. Venning is no naturalist?" asked one of the party.

"Mr. Venning stays at the light-house. He has plenty of time before him," Elizabeth answered, quickly. "Will he have fine weather?"

"That no one can answer for on this island," another made answer. "Like a capricious beauty, one smile is here purchased by a dozen frowns. I apprehend a change soon."

"Would you not do better to return?" asked Harvey; but Arthur persisted in his intention. A weather-bound week had no terrors for him, he said. He had one book, and plenty of sketching materials.

"Solitude has ever charms for your country folks, I know," laughed a third tourist. "You English really relish a Robinson Crusoe existence, otherwise I would gladly offer you my company."

Arthur pleasantly declined the proffered sociability, and felt positive satisfaction as he watched the rest of the company embark by little and little, the crazy vessel being steadied by its living freight. There are no common nights in these regions. As the little steamer slowly and laboriously got under way, it glided straight into the fiery west, leaving Arthur alone in his mellow world, deep azure skies, warm air stirring the corn and the flowers, a little kingdom of pure deliciousness all his own. Small as was this island, to be traversed lazily in a long summer day, the traveller yet gained here a marvellous sense of vastness and expansion. There were awfulness and sublimity in these natural parapets, high as mountains, that walled it round about; dreamy loveliness and mystery in the glimpses gained from all parts of its tiny capital, miles away, that crested a fair hill; above all, gloom and majesty in its ancient beechen groves close to a fairy sea. Arthur sat down on a flowery monticule, watching the black speck on the waters, with thoughts alike distractingly sweet and yet uneasy. The longer he speculated on the matter, the more he felt convinced that Elizabeth must be the heroine of her own story. Adorable as she was, there yet lived a man ignoble enough and blind enough to woo and then desert her. This beautiful girl had undoubtedly been jilted by some villain he could at that moment with alacrity have hurled from the precipice on which he sat. But her love for this craven-spirited wretch was long turned to bitterest scorn; of that he felt sure. Like himself, she was free to love. Did she understand the meaning of his words? Was he already something to her? Would this sweet place, islanded from the world of every day and all familiar things, be the scene of their betrothal?

Arthur was angry with himself for letting his thoughts wander to another figure in this romance of three days. The sad-eyed lady of the pictures. Who might she be, and what was her story?

Well, he concluded, there is time enough for all questions to be settled, all problems to be solved. If so many things had happened in less than one week, how many more might happen in six! And with that philosophical reflection he returned to his homely quarters in the light-house. A supper of black bread, salt fish, and thin beer may even be swallowed by a fastidious Londoner under certain circumstances without a wry face. Arthur ate and drank contentedly, whilst he flirted with the light-house keeper's pretty daughter, then took a last turn abroad before going to rest.

There was no moon, but an effulgence more subdued, a light softer and more transparent. Every object was clearly defined in this wondrous atmosphere, that was neither wholly day nor night, fairer than both, whilst over all brooded ineffable calm and stillness. Only the sound of the waves as they plashed against the shore broke the pervading silence. "I wish I were a genius," sighed Arthur, as he loitered back to write down his impressions certainly, but in a critical rather than a poetic vein. He could tell others what he saw; he could not make them feel what he felt—the difference, I take it, between talent and genius.

He staid on, well pleased with his quarters. Indeed, had it been otherwise, there was no possibility of getting away. The sky was fair, but winds were contrary, and neither sail nor steamer could make for the light-house till they changed. The sea, a smooth silken floor no longer, had changed from silvery gray to dark aquamarine, and broken up into short, angry waves, with white crests, dashed ominously against the shore. There was a rough road that led homeward across the corn fields, it is true, but alike horses and carioles were now busy with the gathering in the corn, and this roundabout way would have taken a whole day. Arthur preferred to wait for a steamer, enjoying himself lazily meanwhile. This grim tower, set as a watch over treacherous seas, soon seemed a home.

He even grew accustomed to the coarse fare, which certainly was made more palatable by the pretty maiden who served it. The homely saws and primitive ways of the fisher-folk amused him, whilst alike on the breezy headland or on the narrow strip of shore below he got sketching in plenty. Then there were the flowers, and even a Londoner may care for these when making holiday on an island. He thought if he staid there six months, instead of so many weeks, he should become not merely an admirer of the picturesque, but a real lover of nature, which is quite another thing.

At the end of the fourth day this delicious dawdling was rudely interrupted. The wind had changed suddenly; the sea showed a glassy surface; the light-house folk were astir catering for expected guests, and there, sure enough, was the little steamer making for the lea.

For all that, Arthur was minded to stay, and would have staid, had not the captain put in his hand a tiny missive from Harvey. It was a pencilled scrawl, evidently worded in desperate haste.

"You must come back in the steamer," ran Harvey's missive. "An invitation from the Prince, this moment arrived. For to-morrow, mind."

Arthur did not know whether to be pleased or vexed. He liked this toying with love and destiny. To be on the brink of making love near this sweet Elizabeth, yet so far off—within a hair-breadth of fate, but not yet caught in her toils. He must accept the invitation against his will. A man of the world could not slight an invitation brought about by a letter introductory. To do so would look almost like an insult to the writer of it, a common friend of the Prince and himself. Arthur was too well versed in the ways of society not nicely to appraise the value of good company. It is ever expedient to visit at great men's houses. We are all bound to accept the standards of the world. Expediency is cousin-german to the virtues. Thus he moralized, although only one thought lent interest to the projected visit.

Would that vision flash before him once more? The unforgetable face, the black-robed figure, the deep, pathetic eyes? So intense was this memory that he almost trembled with eagerness as he contemplated the possibility of a meeting. All the brightness and beauty associated with Elizabeth's name were pure human. The lady of the picture seemed to belong to a world as yet unknown to him—intense, passionate, unattainable by speculation.

With mixed feelings of regret and looking forward, he took a last stroll on that fragrant flowery platform, half-way, as it seemed, between the stars and the seas. Around him all was gold and blue—the yellow of the corn, the dazzling blue of the flowers—and vaster even than his airy abiding-place stretched the warm heavens above and the warmer sea below, dove-like hues and dove-like quiet everywhere.

"I shall never come here again," mused Arthur, as he descended the steep sides of the cliff, and once more intrusted himself to the tender mercies of the crazy steamer. "Why should I wish to see it again?" he added. "Is it mine as long as I live?"

He made up his mind to say nothing of the coming visit to Elizabeth. Harvey would hardly have alluded to the subject, since even to mention an invitation from a prince is to boast of it; and as every personal topic becomes matter for gossip in small watering-places, he determined to keep their movements dark. Moreover, perhaps from some democratic notions picked up at school, Elizabeth had already expressed herself unfavorably concerning princes in general, and one in particular. Much better she should not be enlightened as to his acquaintances in this line.

CHAPTER XII.

FORESHADOWING.

THERE are some places, however, in which it is impossible to keep anything secret, and this little fishing village was one. Long before the moment for departure came it became noised abroad that these two Englishmen had received the honor of an invitation to the palace. How can a community be expected to keep silence on a matter redounding to its credit? From one end of the hamlet to the other, people were proud that this mark of distinction had been vouchsafed to their especial visitors. The thing would be talked of for years to come. A princely invitation, and to whom? To a pair of unassuming young Englishmen, civilians, untitled, undecorated, nobodies in popular estimation till this startling piece of information had come to take everybody's breath away.

The deportment of the brothers astounded observers no less. They absolutely never once alluded to the subject. But for the loquaciousness of their driver not a soul would have known of their destination as next day they quietly drove through the village street, all the world agape, acquaintances bowing and smiling at the window, and young and old, gentle and simple, on the alert.

Only Elizabeth and Flora held aloof. They had been placed opposite the pair as usual at the *table d'hôte;* but both girls seemed a little shy and spiritless, Arthur thought. He forbore to question Harvey afterward, and Harvey made no overtures. The subject of their beautiful friends was banished as if by tacit understanding.

We went here, we did that, Harvey said, when describing the way in which the last few days had been spent. He never so much as once mentioned Flora's name. Then there were many items of English news to discuss. A heap of newspapers and letters were opened and glanced at on the way. Both found plenty to talk about without venturing on dangerous ground. All this time they were going over the same road Arthur had made so sullenly a few days back. To-day the weather was dazzlingly bright, and his own mood unusually animated and sparkling. What Harvey mistook for mere high spirits, indeed, was downright excitement and restlessness. He felt in a double, nay, threefold sense the bewilderment of an adventurous traveller, bound he knows not whither, on the verge of discoveries and emotions he can not so much as coldly prefigure. The scenery, too, moved him not a little, and although he had made the same journey before, he was now seeing it for the first time.

"On my word, this is the most wonderful little country in the world," he cried, when they were about half-way to their destination. "Look at yonder town with its grand old church perched on the hill! I have seen an Eastern city just as gemmy, aerial, and transparent, amethystine pyramid, surmounted by a crystal dome, and all around mother-of-pearl and molten gold. But the cloud picture will not melt, and when we are on the other side of the hill, we shall find colors as brilliant and solid as in North Italy, lapis lazuli sea, hanging woods of malachite, and little close-shut landscapes, each a veritable mosaic."

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1440.

"We shall go straight back to-morrow, of course," Harvey said, yawning. He was evidently in no mood for scenery, no matter how bewitching.

"Really," Arthur rejoined, "you seem to forget that time is going fast. We are bound to see something of the island before leaving it." Harvey did not look as if the island particularly interested him.

"And if the Prince insists upon keeping us another day, we are bound to stay," the elder brother went on. "I wonder if I have time to make a sketch?"

Here followed a discussion with the driver, and the result was that Arthur descended to make his sketch, whilst Harvey went on in the cariole. The horses must rest for two hours on the top of the hill, said their conductor, so Harvey offered to go on and order the dinner, whilst Arthur would follow on foot half an hour later. The two just perceptibly jarred each other. Arthur was irritated at Harvey's indifference to this strange sweet landscape; Harvey wondered how his brother could be more enthusiastic about places than human beings. The island was certainly delicious and romantic, but it lacked charm when Flora was not by. Whilst the younger man's state of mind was perfectly clear to the elder, Arthur, on the contrary, was a complete puzzle to Harvey. How, indeed, can one man understand another and a subtler? We perpetually fall into the error of measuring others by our own standard, just as we are apt to appraise the material world according to the limited capacity of self-consciousness. What is deeper than ourselves we shall hardly attain to, whether it be individual character or that wonderful environment of humanity we loosely call creation.

It was plain enough that Harvey loved the artless Flora, and intended to marry her, but if Arthur loved Elizabeth, why this restlessness, this uneveness of temper, this quarrelling with a captivating state of things?

But although Arthur's conduct troubled him, the easy-going Harvey could not break through the habits of a lifetime. The elder might say what he would, the younger could only say what befitted. Each was sure to go his own way. Only one would ever play the part of critic.

There were intellectual differences no less striking. Every impression told upon Arthur's inner life. Harvey saw things quickly, and seized their meaning readily, but they hardly enriched, much less metamorphosed him.

This picture, for instance, he was looking on now, he would remember as long as he lived. Many a prospect he had seen in his travels far more superb and enthralling, none that affected him so strangely.

Was he, indeed, beholding shadows or substantial things, cloud-land or solid hill and structure of mens' hands? Could the fabled mirage he had come in quest of be fairer to the eye, touch the spirit with finer emotion? And as he gazed and gazed he threw down his paint-brush in a rapture of despair. Impossible to reproduce these silvery lights, this matchless iridescence. He had delicate hues enough on his palette, but the colors of that fair city, and the hill on which it stood, and the sky round about, he could not find. City, did I say? The island possessed none. Tiniest townling this, a mere fairy place, yet by virtue of its ancient church and position, it wore from afar almost the aspect of a citadel. Arthur, however, put away his sketching things, and attempted no more. And, as often happens, when he had walked a mile or more and came a-near, there was nothing wonderful to see at all, only a church of the olden time perched on a high hill, and a straggling village street of cheerful whitewashed houses, each with its flower garden, after the fashion of these parts. There, too, was the unromantic Harvey, quite delighted at the prospect of dinner—delighted also that the day was half over, that the morrow and Flora would soon come.

"We shall most likely be bored to death at the palace," he began.

"Now, Harvey," the elder brother admonished, tartly, "bored or no, we must make ourselves agreeable. But why in the name of common-sense should we be bored?"

"If asked to stay over to-morrow, I shall say I have an engagement. Which will be the truth," Harvey retorted. "I am going to escort Elizabeth and Flora to the Black Lake."

"I shall stay if I am pressed, and so of course must you," was the curt reply. Harvey took the answer as it was meant, and then they chatted of other things. An hour later they were off again, and whilst Harvey dozed conveniently, Arthur had time to think quietly over his position. He must hold himself on his guard, for he might need all his tact, nonchalance, and self-possession. His former visit and its untoward adventure might accidentally reach the ears of his host, and require explanation. Or his beautiful sitter—what if she could let carelessly fall a compromising word? For his mind was made up beforehand. He should now see her again, and learn the reason of her strange reserve and sadness. They should come to know each other, at least, so he felt sure, because he willed it.

Then he thought of his sweet friend Elizabeth. Ah, little of mystery or adventure here! Only an honest falling in love. For in love he was, Harvey no deeper, but he felt that Time sufficed for love and Elizabeth. His life should belong to her. Two days he must first have to himself, two days for a little life of feeling and emotion, with which she had nothing to do.

"The Prince?" Harvey asked, suddenly waking from his drowse. "Is he old or young, married or single?"

"I have not the least notion," Arthur made answer. "But we shall soon find out. We are already within the precincts of the park."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GRAND MASTER BRODIE.

Mr. William A. Brodie, Grand Master of Masons of this State, whose portrait is given on page 539, was born at Kilbarchan, Scotland, August 9, 1841, and came to America in 1843 with his parents, who took up their residence in Rochester, New York, where he lived until 1863. Mr. Brodie was educated in the public schools of Rochester, and early developed a taste for business pursuits. In 1863 he entered the employment of the late General James S. Wadsworth at Geneseo, New York, and he has ever since been connected with the different branches of the Wadsworth estates, and has always displayed remarkable executive ability. In 1877 Mr. Brodie was elected County Treasurer of Livingston County, receiving the Republican nomination unsolicited and without opposition; he was re-elected in 1880, and again in 1883.

Mr. Brodie was made a Mason in Geneseo Lodge, No. 214, in 1863, and has ever since been active and prominent in Masonic circles. For seven years he served as Master of Geneseo Lodge, four years as District Deputy Grand Master of the Twenty-second Masonic District of the State, two years as a Grand Steward of the Grand Lodge of the State, two years as Junior Grand Warden, two years as Senior Grand Warden, one year as Deputy Grand Master (having been the unanimous choice of the Grand Lodge to each of these elective offices), and in June last was the unanimous choice of the Grand Lodge for Most Worshipful Grand Master. As such, on the 5th inst., he laid the corner-stone of the pedestal of the Bartholdi statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World," on Bedloe's Island, in the harbor of New York. Mr. Brodie is a member of the celebrated Monroe Commandery, No. 12, of Rochester, and holds the 32° of the A. and A. rite. He has, however, confined his Masonic work to Blue-lodge Masonry, and is deservedly popular, especially with the rank and file of the fraternity.

"THE LEADER OF THE COAL KINGS."

The career of the late Thomas Dickson, President of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company, and of the great combination which for so many years governed the trade of the anthracite region, was one of exceptional interest. "The leader of the coal kings," as he was familiarly known, was the son of a poor mill-wright of Berwickshire, Scotland, where he was born in a humble cottage sixty years ago. Finding the struggle for existence among his native hills a losing one, the father in 1832 emigrated with his little family to Canada. Two years later they went to Susquehanna County, Pennsylvania, where his father entered the service of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company as master mechanic, and in 1837 young Dickson became a mule-boy. In 1838 he became clerk in a country store, and in 1845 he entered into partnership with Joseph Benjamin in the store business. Seven years later he bought an interest in a machine shop and foundry. In 1856 he moved to Scranton and started the Dickson Manufacturing Company, which now has a capital of $1,500,000, and turns out locomotives, steam-engines, and mining machinery. He was president and manager of the company until 1860, when he retired, and became connected with the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company as superintendent of the coal department. He was General Superintendent of the company in 1864. In 1867 he became Vice-President, and in 1869 President of the company, which position he retained until his death.

He leased the Albany and Susquehanna and the Rensselaer railroads, and extended the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company's business to New England. He organized the First National Bank of Scranton, and the Trust and Savings Bank of the same place. He was a director of the Mutual Life-insurance Company and the Erie Railway, of which he was Acting President in the absence of the President in Europe. He was largely interested in coal and iron mines, and was considered the largest owner of coal mines in the United States. He was a trustee of the Lafayette College of Pennsylvania. His fortune is estimated at several millions. He leaves a widow, two married daughters, and two sons.

COMMANDER JOHN S. KOUNTZ.

The new Commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, John S. Kountz, of Toledo, Ohio, is popularly known as "the drummer-boy of Mission Ridge." He was born in Richfield, Lucas County, Ohio, in 1845, and in his sixteenth year enlisted as a drummer-boy in a German regiment, the Thirty-seventh Ohio, in which he served until disabled by wounds. In all the campaigns in which that regiment participated, amid the mountains and valleys of West Virginia, in the sharp fights at Cotton Hill, Logan Court-house, Wyoming, Princeton Road, Fayetteville, and a score of skirmishes, Drummer Kountz was ever in his place, ever kindly and helpful to his comrades, ever cheerful and resolute under all manner of discouragements and hardships, and ever ready to take up a gun when a gun was needed more than his drum.

When his regiment was transferred to the Army of the Tennessee, and took part in the long siege of Vicksburg, Drummer Kountz distinguished himself by his bravery, especially in the assaults of the 19th and 22d of May. But it was in the great assault on Bragg's lines at Mission Ridge, on the 25th of November, 1863, that he achieved his highest honors. The drum corps had been ordered to the rear, but young Kountz was too ardent a soldier to remain behind. Throwing down his drum, he took a musket, fell in with his advancing regiment, and was shot in the front line of battle. When the lines fell back, he lay under the enemy's guns until he was borne from the field by a comrade. His leg was so terribly shattered that amputation was necessary. The incident was made the subject of a stirring poem by Mrs. Kate B. Sherwood.

On his return to Toledo, Drummer Kountz was given a place in the County Treasurer's office, and was afterward elected County Treasurer. Subsequently he was elected County Recorder by a handsome majority, when everybody else on the Republican ticket was defeated. He has filled many positions in the Grand Army of the Republic, among them that of Department Commander of Ohio.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

There are indications that small Chinese boys are going to be popular in England as *bric-à-brac*. The idea did not originate with Mrs. Langtry, who has taken over a diminutive and ornate Mongolian, for Lord Charles Beresford has one which he has been displaying in that country for some time. His lordship dresses the boy in bright-colored garments, trims him with silver ornaments, and stands him up among the vases, screens, and things.

Maud S. was not deposed as Queen of the Turf. There was simply an interregnum of one day.

The latest piece of brilliant international detective work was done not by the Vidocqs of Scotland Yard, but by detectives employed in this city by the British government. London was warned that a Roman Catholic priest, disguised as a layman, was on his way to that city in the interests of the professional Irish conspirators who hold their conclaves in New York. Instructions to send more information about this clerical dynamiter were cabled from London, and when the detectives gave themselves the trouble of asking a few more questions they easily learned that the suspected priest was Father Riordan, the good man who for years past has been working in Castle Garden for the benefit of British paupers and other emigrants. It will not be necessary for the Scotland Yard men to shadow Father Riordan.

It is said that the swallows which migrated from the cholera-stricken cities of France at the outbreak of the pestilence have not yet returned. Their departure made a deep impression on the public, and led to the attempt to purify the atmosphere by kindling bonfires.

The famous Tichborne claimant is to be released from prison on the 24th of October next. It is said that the British government has consented to allow the lunatic in the Australian asylum, concerning whom Edmund and Charles Orton swore that he is their brother Arthur, to be taken to England, and that the question of the obese prisoner's identity will probably be opened anew.

A recent Democratic rally and picnic in Missouri turned out to be one of the most disastrous affairs that have taken place in the South since the civil war. Everything seemed to be going on satisfactorily, till a shower came up suddenly in the afternoon. Then the trouble began. In the line of departing vehicles there were many runaways and collisions. A dozen persons were injured—some of them fatally, it was feared. A young man fell from the "Flying Dutchman"—whatever that may have been—and three of his ribs were broken. A mule that was tied to a tree broke his neck while trying to kick the tree down.

A little newsboy who had supported his crippled father, and was in many ways a more exemplary boy than most flesh-and-blood newsboys are, was recently buried in Chicago by his fellows. A hundred of them were at the funeral. They bore the expenses of the burial, and the pall-bearers were chosen from among them.

A bank cashier in Maine made large purchases of real estate. The directors asked him where he got his money. He turned around and asked them, Yankee fashion, if his accounts weren't correct, and they were compelled to allow that they were. The story now is that he discovered in the cellar of his old house, beneath a flat stone, several barrels of gold and silver.

A Pennsylvania pastor has made an assignment for the benefit of his creditors. The good man's calling precludes the suspicion that the step was taken only ostensibly for the benefit of others. The fact that he is not going to Europe is greatly in his favor, also, and the opportunity of seeing a bankrupt who is content to remain at home at work may draw many hearers to his church, and bring back prosperity.

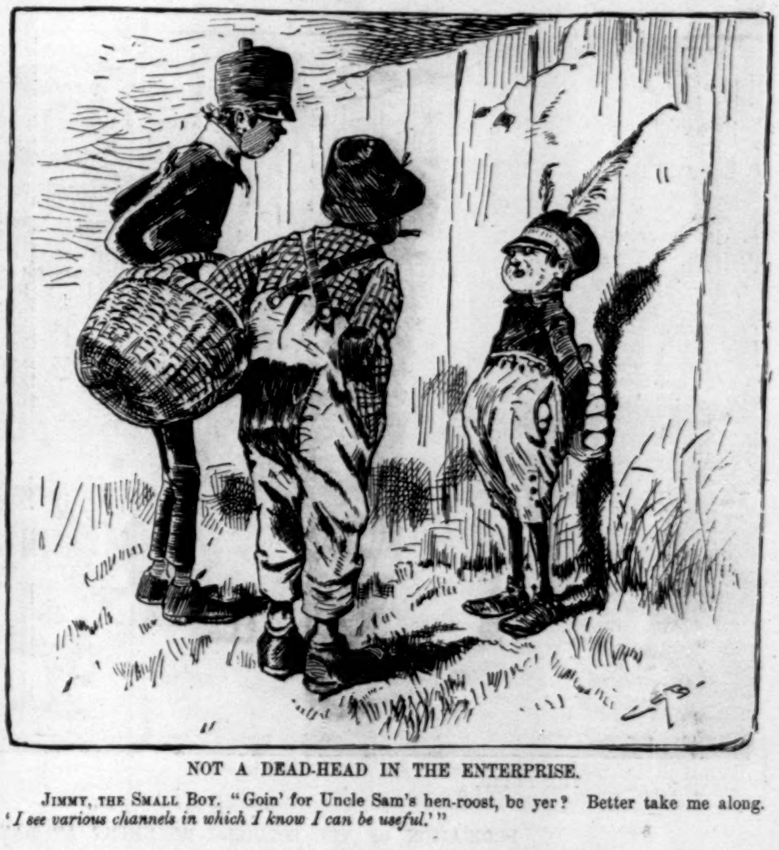
A country newspaper estimates that twenty-five thousand persons attended the circus, because they were over two hours passing a given point when they came out. It would have been more business-like to get the tally of tickets. The given point the crowd was so long passing might have happened to be a pea-nut and birch-beer stand.

An interesting experiment in running street cars by electricity has been begun in Cleveland, where an electric railway a mile in length is in operation. The system is a combination of the plans of two inventors. The conducting wires are in sunken conduits like those which accommodate the traction wires in cable roads. Cars can be stopped, started ahead, or reversed without difficulty, and as many as fifteen can be run at a time on a single circuit. It is said that the company which is making the experiment has already about decided to adopt the system on all its lines, which have an aggregate length of over twenty miles.

A coroner's jury in Westchester County decided that an elderly woman died of "old age superinduced by her exertion to hurry home, which probably produced heart-disease."

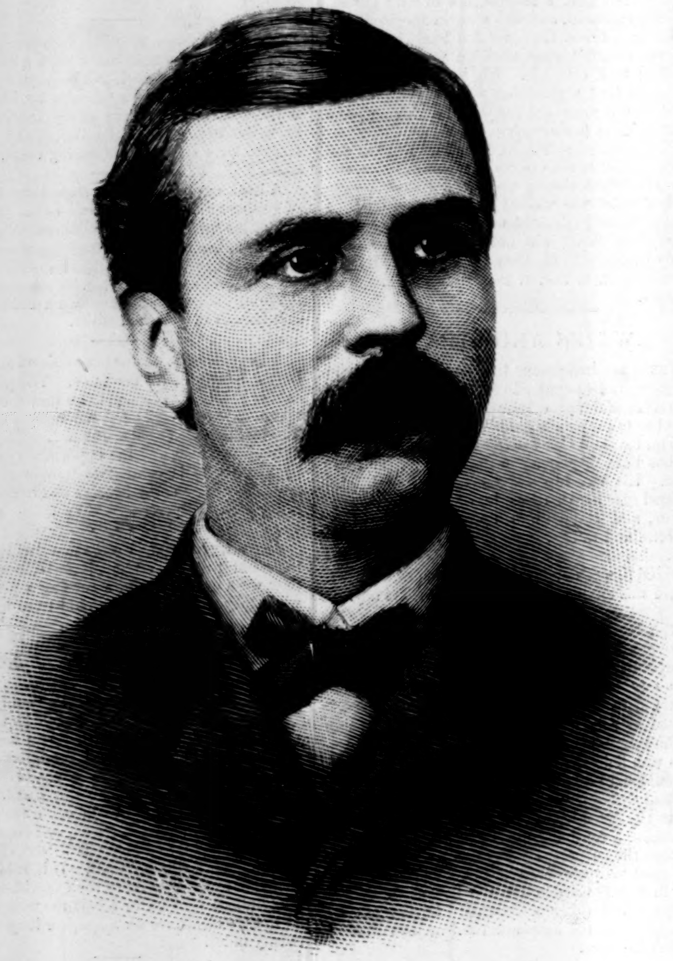
During a recent attack on Suakin the thermometer indicated a temperature of one hundred and twenty degrees in the shade.

It has been suggested that the statue of Liberty could be made useful as well as ornamental by putting in the torch an electric apparatus for projecting an intense cylindrical beam of light against the overhanging clouds, which would show the location of New York to vessels far out at sea. The apparatus, it is said, would not cost more than three thousand dollars, and it is believed that the beam of light would produce a cloud illumination which would be visible from vessels at least sixty miles off shore. The light which it is proposed to put in the torch will be visible at a distance of about forty miles under favorable conditions, or from a little over twenty miles outside of Sandy Hook, and will be of very little practical use to navigators.

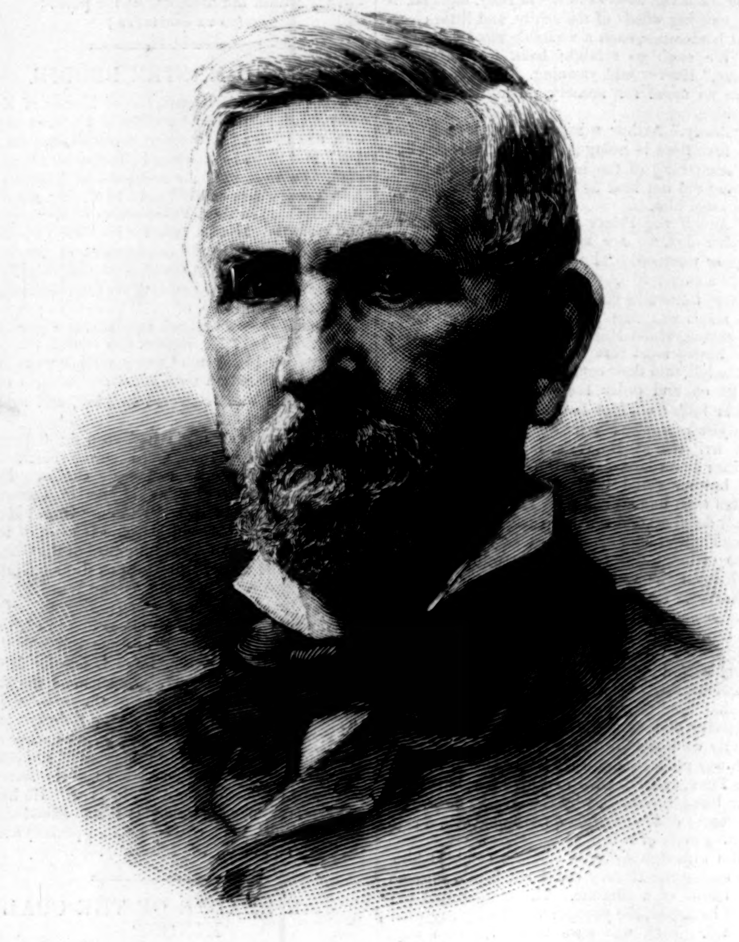


NOT A DEAD-HEAD IN THE ENTERPRISE.

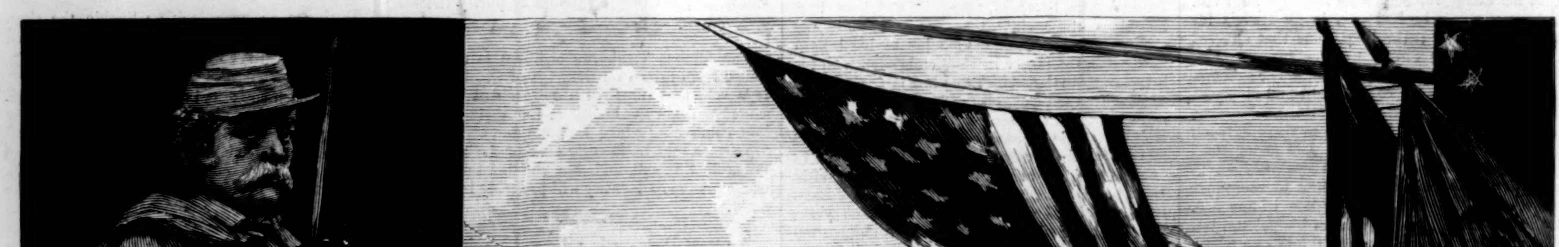
Jimmy, the Small Boy. "Goin' for Uncle Sam's hen-roost, be yer? Better take me along. '*I see various channels in which I know I can be useful.*'"



COMMANDER JOHN S. KOUNTZ.
Photographed by McKecknie & Oswald.—[See Page 537.]

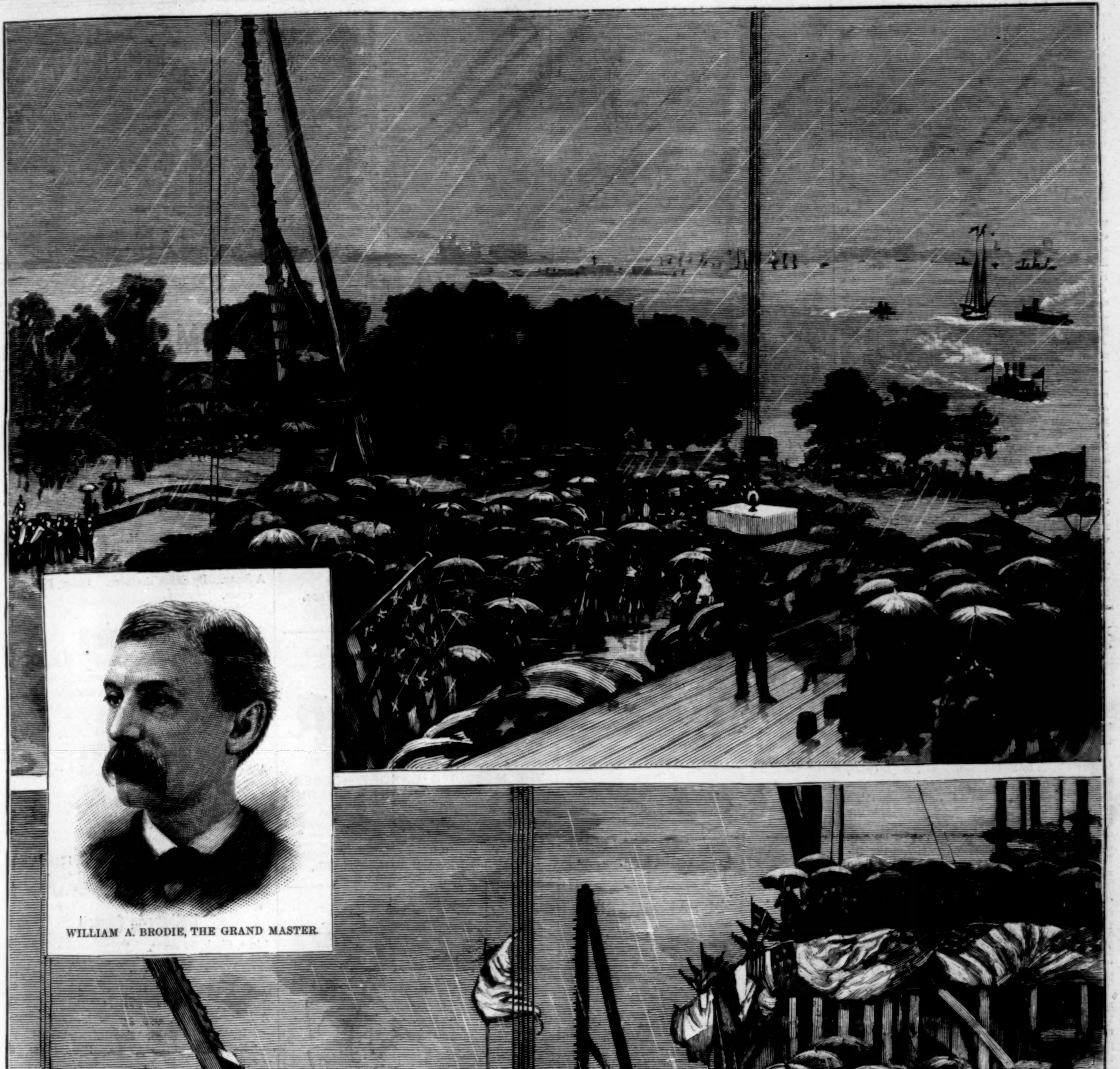


THE LATE THOMAS DICKSON.
Photographed by Rockwood.—[See Page 537.]



THE STATUE. PROCESSION PASSING THROUGH MAIN STREET.

DEDICATION OF THE SOLDIERS' MONUMENT AT DAYTON, OHIO.—From Photographs by C. H. Miller.—[See Page 538.]



WILLIAM A. BRODIE, THE GRAND MASTER.

LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF THE PEDESTAL FOR THE BARTHOLDI STATUE OF LIBERTY.—Drawn by Schell and Hogan.—[See Page 529.]

JAY GOULD WINS.

On page 531 we give a picture of Mr. Jay Gould's steam-yacht *Atalanta*, sketched by our special artist as she was passing Fort Trumbull, at the entrance to New London Harbor, the winner by half an hour in her race with the steam-yacht *Yosemite*, and several smaller steamers.

The race took place on the 7th inst., the occasion being the first annual regatta of the American Yacht Club, beginning, according to the invitations, at an imaginary line drawn from the smoke-stack of the committee's steamboat (the *Cygnus*) to the black spar buoy off Flagler's Point, near Larchmont, and ending at a similar line at Fort Trumbull, New London.

The smaller steamers were allowed an hour's start, in the hope of giving them a chance for a close finish; and then the *Atalanta* and the *Yosemite*, about half past ten, crossed the imaginary line, the former about three lengths ahead of her rival. There was a shout from the people on the *Cygnus*, and a waving of handkerchiefs and hats, as the *Yosemite* seemed to be closing up on the *Atalanta*; but an old sailor took off his hat and said, "Don't back your cheer with cash; the *Yosemite* is dragging too large a wave under her stern." Nevertheless the betting was against the *Atalanta*.

The rival yachts soon left the *Cygnus* far in the rear, and were soon lost to sight from the committee boat in the driving rain and mist. It was nearly five o'clock when the shores of New London Harbor were seen from the *Cygnus*, and a few moments later she ranged alongside the *Atalanta*. Captain Schackelford shouted, "Beat 'em half an hour!"

His shout was answered by three cheers from the *Cygnus*. Then some one shouted, "Where's Gould?" and a little man beside Captain Schackelford removed a great yellow sou'wester, and waved it hilariously in the pouring rain.

The course was eighty-three nautical miles, and the *Atalanta* made the run in 4 hours 48¾ minutes. The *Yosemite* arrived thirty-one minutes later. Her speed, it is claimed, was retarded by an accident to one of her "blowers."

A page picture of the *Atalanta* was printed in Harper's Weekly for June 23, 1883, with a full description of the yacht.

OUNCES OF PREVENTION.

WHAT IS HEALTHY FOOD?

The next point I have to make is one that is important in practice, and not uninteresting in theory.

IV. There is much difference, both as to their nature and as to their function as food, between the different *substances* of which our food is composed, as fat, sugar, albumen, fibrine, and the rest. But there is much less difference as to the value of the main *articles* of food in the dietary, as bread, meat, vegetables, milk, eggs, because each of these articles contains several of the different substances or "organic principles" into which foods are resolved by the chemist.

Fallacy 4. That because the tastes and flavors of food are so various, there must be a corresponding difference in the nutritive value and the so-called "healthfulness" of different kinds.

People say, for instance, "Apples are healthful," "Brown bread is healthful," or they ask, "Are tomatoes healthful?" "Lobsters are unhealthful."

This way of speaking implies a good deal of misunderstanding. Any of the common esculent vegetables, any of the meats in the market (and not a few other kinds besides), when they are in good condition and properly cooked, are healthful; that is to say, they are good food for the majority of healthy persons. No two foods are quite equally digestible. But that does not make the less rapidly digestible foods, properly speaking, less healthful, except, of course, for dyspeptics. Such foods simply require a little more work from the digestive organs, as bread made from the whole grain of the wheat is slower to digest than white bread, and yet for many people is a better article of diet, because, for one reason, it contains more gluten.

What are the main constituents of our food? They are not numerous, and they fall into two main classes. The nitrogenous elements, as in lean meat, are albumen, fibrine, and gelatine; and the carbonaceous elements are fat, sugar, and starch. Then there are mineral salts; and there is water, the most abundant of all. These principles, in varying proportions, make up all of our food, whether animal or vegetable.

Now we can find in *either an animal or a vegetable diet* abundance of these food elements to nourish the body, and to keep it in full growth and strength. Some salt will need to be added, for it is a necessary element of human diet. Could it be entirely excluded from the food, we should die, as the lower animals have died upon which the experiment has been tried. But a purely vegetable diet contains all the necessary elements of food. It is easy to arrange a garden bill of fare that should have abundant sugar, as in fruits, starch, as in potatoes, gluten, as in grains, oils, as in the nuts, and vegetable oil of the same substance chemically as the animal fats; and bread contains one-third as much of the nitrogenous matters as lean meat contains. Eggs and milk are called the "ideal" foods, because they contain both the carbon and the nitrogen elements.

Now the graminivorous animals and the carnivorous are equally strong and healthy, and man may be strong and healthy on either a vegetable or an animal diet, because both in vegetable and animal food all the essential constituents of food are found. But the carbon elements predominate in vegetable food, and the nitrogen elements in animal; and therefore the best diet, as well as the most varied and pleasant, is one which is compounded of both animal and vegetable food.

This may be shown by taking the extreme case of a man living on bread and water alone. To get the requisite amount of nitrogen from a bread ration he would have to consume four pounds a day; and on the other hand, if he kept to a diet of lean meat, he would have to devour no less than six pounds a day in order to get the requisite amount of carbon (C. B. Radcliffe). More than this, on the bread diet he would have eaten too much carbon, and on the meat diet too much nitrogen.

Now modify the experiment, and let our dietist eat both bread and lean meat, but nothing else. An enormous ration will no longer be required, though still a large one Two pounds of bread will supply all the carbon he needs, and twelve ounces of meat with all the additional nitrogen. There is no longer any oversupply, as in the cases of the diet on bread alone and on meat alone, of either carbon or nitrogen. Now if we add sufficient fat, as butter or oil, to our bill of fare, we may greatly reduce the ration of bread, and with a variety of vegetables, we get at last an attractive and perfect bill of fare.

Oil, indeed, is one of the most valuable foods, and one against which in our country, except in the single form of butter, an unfortunate prejudice exists. Dr. Radcliffe says, and, I believe, truly: "Most of the weaklings who are benefited by cod-liver oil, by neat's-foot oil, and in Russia by train-oil would never have required these oils as medicine if their food had been sufficiently rich in fatty and oily articles." Nor is oil necessarily fattening, as Banting, and many other persons little acquainted with physiology, have supposed. Of this I will speak when we come to the subject of corpulency. Titus Munson Coan.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

FOR OVERWORKED PROFESSIONAL MEN.

Dr. Chas. T. Mitchell, Canandaigua, N. Y., says: "I think it a grand restorer of brain force or nervous energy."—[*Adv.*]

LIKE AN OLD CREAKY WINDOW SHUTTER.

That is the way a man's rheumatic joints sometimes are. Hinges old, rusty, and worn, and badly need oiling. The trouble is in the blood. A man who is of any account is worth repairing. The repairing can be done by means of Brown's Iron Bitters. That enriches and purifies the blood, drives out the pains, and works complete restoration. Thousands testify to it from happy experience. Mr. C. H. Huntley, 918 North Sixteenth Street, St. Louis, says, "I used Brown's Iron Bitters for rheumatism, general debility, and prostration with the best results."—[*Adv.*]

"Rough on Pain" Plaster.—Poroused, strengthening, for Backache, Pains in the Chest, Rheumatism, 25c. —[*Adv.*]

SUMMER TOURS.

The Eastern Railroad pamphlet, giving Time-tables, Maps, Hotel-lists, and tours covering the White Mountains, Mount Desert, the State of Maine, the Maritime Provinces, and all the Shore, Mountain, and Lake resorts east of Boston, will be mailed free to any address on application to Lucius Tuttle, Gen. Pass. Agt., Boston, Mass.—[*Adv.*]

A SUMMER SAFEGUARD

FOR TOURISTS.

A bottle of Dr. Tobias' Venetian Liniment will be found invaluable to persons about to leave the city. For internal as well as external use in cases of cholera, diarrhœa, dysentery, colic, pains of all descriptions, insect stings, etc., etc., it has no equal, being acknowledged throughout the world as the greatest pain reliever ever offered. Price, 25 and 50 cents. Depot, 42 Murray Street, New York.—[*Adv.*]

"Rough on Dentist" Tooth Powder. Try it. 15c.

Nervous Weakness, Dyspepsia, Headache, Debility, cured by "Wells' Health Renewer." $1.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

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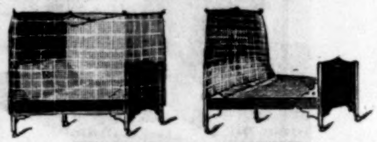

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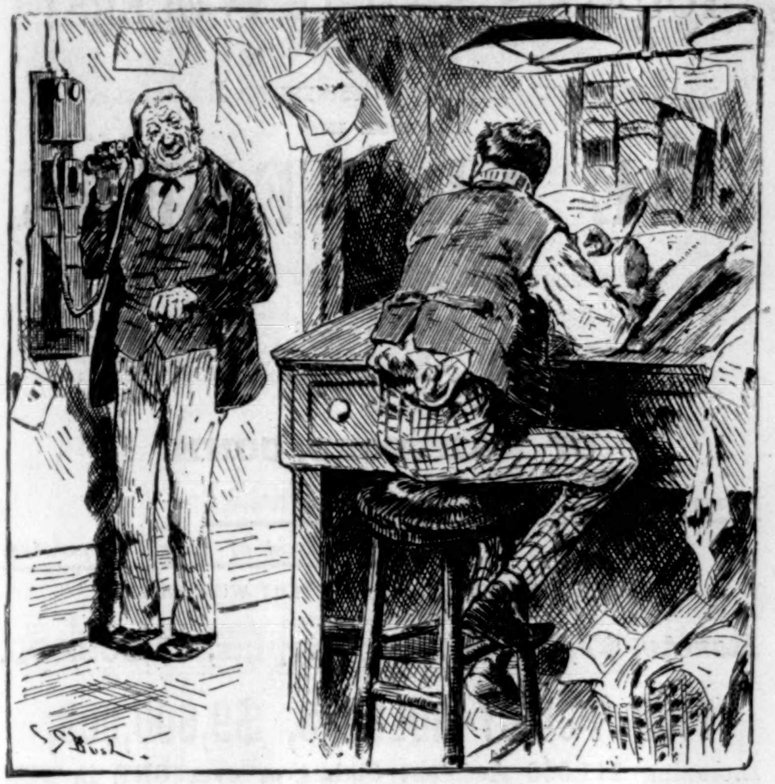

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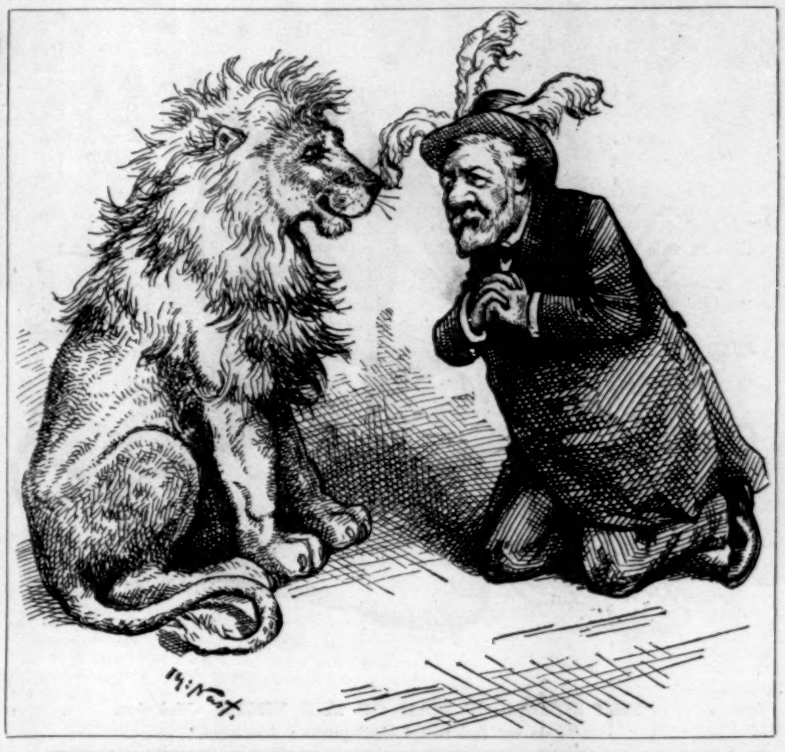

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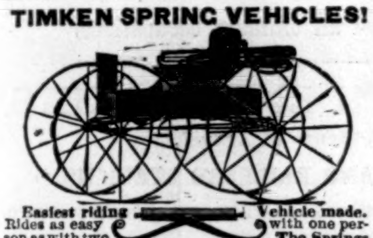

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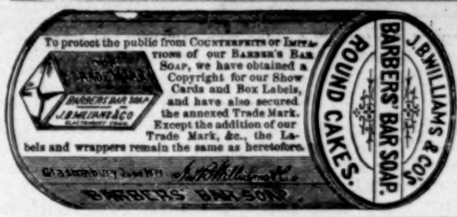

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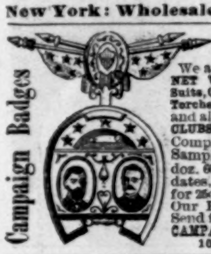

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